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LIZZIE'S FAULT; OR, A SIN OF THE NERVES.

"COME here, Carrie, and I will tell you a secret," said Lizzie Greenleaf to her young companion Carrie Hepburn; "now, don't look so wondering with those huge grey eyes of yours; for, after all, it is not much I am going to say. You know how anxious I am to go to the pic-nic on Wednesday with Harry Waters; and if mother refuses me, as I fear she will, she is so very squeamish about my receiving attentions from young men, why, I will give her a fright that will keep her from trying the same thing again. Don't you remember how anxious and troubled she was, when poor, half-witted Sarah Frye had hysteric fits, and how careful she was not to thwart her lest it should bring them on? And now for my great secret Carrie: I know I can trust you. If she does not let me go to the pic-nic, I will have a fit," said the thoughtless girl, laughing out merrily. "Isn't it a *grand* idea?" But she met no response; and, looking hastily up, she saw that she might now, indeed, well call Carrie's eyes wondering in their gaze; for they wore a startled, distressed, surprised expression; and the dilated pupil spoke forcibly of the shock she had received.

"Surely, Lizzie, you cannot be in earnest; you would not do so wrong a thing. Poor Sarah Frye could not help those dreadful attacks; nature had not given her the power of resistance; she was the creature of her feelings, her sensibilities; she had been subject to them from her feeble childhood; and things were excusable in her, which would be a downright sin in you."

"Don't take it so seriously, Carrie. I don't mean to try it often; but it will make me *interesting* for a little time you know, and give me power too; which, I assure you, I shall wield very judiciously."

"'Interesting!' why you must have a strange idea of being interesting, Lizzie. Some fits excite the pity of all good and true persons; but the kind of which you speak call forth only ridicule. Why, it is the truth when I say, I would rather have the small-pox, loathsome as it is, than be subject to hysteria: the one might mar my beauty for life, my face might be seamed and scarred with its ravages; but I could remain mistress of myself, I could make those around me happy, I could fulfil the duties of life; but once let me yield to this fatal palsying demon, and I should no longer have confidence in my own powers of endurance or heroism; I should feel myself a blight upon all who might look to me for happiness."

"Pshaw, Carrie! don't look so grave, and talk so wisely: nerves don't happen to be your weakness, and you can preach profoundly about them. I am bound to have my own way in some things, and you will see how I will compass it."

"Well, Lizzie, we will say no more of this: I cannot believe you will carry out your foolish plan. Come with me for a pleasant walk; the air is soft and balmy, the autumn leaves are falling; it is just the day to go to Chase's Cascade; come, and let us watch together the joy-colored leaves as they drop into the stream, and are whirled along in that mysterious eddy which so often with its miniature life perplexes and amuses us."

Lizzie shook her head, and hastily left the room; while Carrie, carelessly throwing her Pico hat over the glossy curls which clustered thickly around her graceful head, went to seek a companion for her walk. It was towards evening when she returned; and, as she entered the house, she was startled by the unusual stillness which reigned in it. Lizzie's melodious voice, humming some merry tune, was usually heard; but now there was a preternatural silence, which seemed to betoken something she knew not what. She entered the parlor,—there was no one there; she passed into the library,—it, too, was deserted; she hastened up the stairs, and sprang, with a bound, into Lizzie's bedroom. There she was checked, and a feeling of horror crept over her; for, upon the bed, stretched out like a corpse, lay Lizzie; her long black hair

rested on the pillow, which was scarcely whiter than her face. All life seemed to have departed from her rigid form; and, but for the regular though labored breathing, she would have passed for one dead. On one side of her stood her mother, who hung over her with such an expression of despair and sorrow in her face; from time to time she bathed her forehead, and rubbed gently the motionless hands; her father was at the foot of the bed, and wore an annoyed as well as anxious expression.

"O Lizzy, my child! speak to me. Why did I refuse your innocent request? It is your disappointment which has caused this."

"Don't reproach yourself, wife," said the father gently: "better she should have ten such fits as this, than be allowed an indulgence which may harm her. The fit does not disturb me, except as it indicates a strong will, and yet weakness of the nervous energies: should it grow upon her, it would unfit her for her duties in life. I wish the doctor would come, and tell us what to do; I should enjoy throwing a pail of cold water upon her, if I did not fear the shock might be too great." Just at this moment, the good physician entered. "Ah!" said he, looking at Lizzie with his kind but discerning eyes, "what is all this hysteria? how did it come on, Mrs. Greenleaf? have you been refusing to let her have half a dozen pet kittens? or what great disappointment threw her into this state?"

"She asked a favor of me, which I felt constrained to refuse. I could not, with due regard to what I considered propriety, grant it. To my great surprise, when she heard my answer, she burst into tears, sobbing violently. This was immediately followed by a paroxysm of laughter: this alternated for an hour. She was then left in this state of entire exhaustion, from which we cannot rouse her. She has not known us for some time; and I cannot but fear such violent excitement of the feelings may be a permanent injury to her."

"Never fear that, madam: we will endeavor," said the kind physician, "to treat her in such a way as to leave no desire with her to again give way to such emotions; for, to speak plainly, it is a case of simple hysteria, in which Lizzie might have controlled herself at the first. This fit was, I am sure from her general appearance, entirely unnecessary. There are some constitutions which have so feeble a nervous organization, they cannot resist

the tendency to these attacks: such are to be pitied, for it is a grievous malady. I consider that girl as doomed, who gives herself up to these attacks; she is marked for wretchedness in this life, and she is a human Upas to all drawn within her influence. Such an one becomes thoroughly selfish and weak-minded; has no peace here, or trust in the divine future. But it is time to attend to our patient. I should like to give her a douche that would electrify her at once, and bring her to herself; but it seems almost too severe a remedy for the first offence, and I will therefore content myself with doses of assafoetida. I remember her dislike to all disagreeable tastes, and this will soon bring her to herself; give her two pills every three hours, all night, — indeed, till I see her again; a light breakfast, — she will not care for much, with the taste and odor of the nauseous medicine about her." The good doctor rubbed his hands, and chuckled with delight at the thought of the sensitive Lizzie being fed on assafoetida.

The next day, Lizzie was sitting in the lounging-chair, looking pale, and, as she thought, interesting; her face was a little contracted, and she frequently smelled of a Cologne bottle by her side, as if endeavoring to get rid of some unpleasant perfume. By her sat her mother's sister, "gentle aunt Grace," as she was called; the dearest "single sister" that ever lived. Petite in her person, graceful in every movement of her rounded figure, her soft blonde hair was braided close around her head; an atmosphere of gentleness and purity encompassed her like a charmed circle; the expression of her face was trustful, peaceful, but it was like one who had won its peace by a hard conflict. As she sat by Lizzie, her eye-lids drooped heavily, and she looked sad and perplexed; all at once, she glanced up, and a new light beamed in her eyes.

"Lizzie dear," she said, "you have often asked me to give you my history, the romance, as you term it, of my life; for you seem to think, what is indeed true, that every one has a secret romance, an inner history, which colors all their life; a history forgotten by the world, — forgotten by their friends, — but which is woven into every thread and fibre of their being. Mine is a short and sad one; I have not spoken of it for years, indeed cannot say I often now think upon its facts, though I know it has altered my whole nature, and enters into my every-day walk.

Nothing would induce me to recall it but the hope its painful experience may be of benefit to you, and save you from suffering in the like way. When I came in yesterday, and saw the state you were in, it brought back to my mind so forcibly what occurred to me twenty-two years ago: I was entirely overcome."

"Ah, dear aunt Grace! if it will pain you, don't gratify my curiosity, or rather interest. I would rather never hear any thing about your girlish days, than give you sorrow;" and Lizzie fondly caressed the soft white hand that rested on her lap."

"No, Lizzie: I shall recover soon from the opening of the wound, and I feel that what I have to say may make an impression for good upon you; and I have, therefore, no shrinking from it. You, perhaps, can scarcely realize that I was once a gay, frolicsome girl like yourself,—the youngest, and the pet of the household. I was spoiled and indulged to the utmost; I had not a strong constitution; I was fragile, and the least excitement exhausted me: it was constantly reiterated in my ears that I was a nervous child. Oh, if mothers only knew the harm they do by such expressions! If I had children, they should never know they had nerves, except as they learned to control and master them. Every visitor was told how nervous I was, and I soon thought it quite an accomplishment; as, with the ready tact of childhood, I read the pitying expression which came upon every face, as the 'Poor thing, she is very nervous, so delicate in her constitution,' was again and again repeated. I wish I had the power which would enable me to make a law, by which every mother, who encouraged in her child the idea of being 'nervous,' should be subject to condign punishment. You will think me harsh, Lizzie, and perhaps I am so; but all the suffering I have had in life has come to me from this one cause. You will not wonder, then, if I do speak earnestly; but I must be brief with you, Lizzie, and give you only the outline. As I told you, I was the pet of the house, permitted to run hither and thither without restraint, untrammelled by school; though I had a nice little governess, almost as much a child as myself, who indulged all my whims. When about eighteen, I became acquainted with William Babcock, the son of one of my mother's earliest friends. He was noble and true; oh! how much so I cannot tell you. He had been brought up with the highest sense of honor; he was chivalrous and enthusiastic; but, withal, had such a vein of sternness,

and rather prided himself upon his perfect self-control. It was not very long before we were affianced; indeed, he had hardly had an opportunity to know my character. He had been attracted by the many points of sympathy between us, and did not know, had not seen, the glaring defects which had arisen principally from the faults of education. He had almost a nervous dread of what are called nervous persons, and he was wholly unaware of my weakness in this respect.

"I was so happy with him; and yielded myself so completely to his influence, that I had forgotten my own nerves. I did not think of my being 'low-spirited,' or 'weak,' or of shedding tears, or giving way at all to any uncomfortable feelings: I was joyous as a bird, and the happy days flew by all too rapidly.

"William was an officer in the navy, and at home now on furlough; but there were rumors of war, and reports of ships ordered to Mexico, which gave me some uneasiness. I tried to persuade him to resign his commission, for his property was quite sufficient to live at ease upon; but he spurned the idea: he loved his profession, and would not relinquish it. He came in one day, bringing with him his sailing orders: he must leave me in a few days. Overcome by surprise and regret, I burst into a passion of tears, which was followed by paroxysms of that painful laugh which always accompanies hysteria. For hours I had no consciousness of what passed; but mother told me afterwards, she never saw any one suffer more than William. At first he was alarmed: he tried to soothe my tears and agitation; but, when the wild ringing laugh burst upon his ear, he seemed turned to stone,—he thought I was deranged; but when my mother told him not to be troubled, such things were not unusual with me, that I was subject to such attacks, they were only hysterics, the expression of his face became stern and fixed; he left the room, and walked back and forth for hours through the garden. The fit was followed by the same exhaustion which characterized yours, dear Lizzie; and I lay motionless and speechless for hours.

"When I recovered, and William came in to see me, I was struck by the alteration in his voice and manner; he had none of the tenderness which I expected, and to which I had been accustomed; after my recovery, there was no expression of that kind; he seated himself gravely by me.

"'Grace,' said he, 'I have been pained more than I can tell,

to find you giving way to such weakness as I witnessed yesterday. You can little know the misery to which you are subjecting yourself, and all bound to you. You may deem me harsh, unjust; but I would as soon marry an inmate of a lunatic asylum, as one subject to hysteric fits. I have been brought up with the greatest dread of merely nervous affections, and I am perfectly aware I could find no happiness in a home clouded by the dread of a recurrence of such a scene as I witnessed yesterday; so promise me, Grace, that you will strive to obtain self-control. I am glad I am ordered away, it will give us both better time to recover: you to shake off this worse than leprosy, for it can only be controlled and cured by a proper exercise of the will; and I to recover from the shock I have experienced, in finding that the one in whom I had garnered up my affections was the victim of this dreaded, self-induced disease. I know I must seem unkind to you, Grace; but forgive me for it. If you could only see the picture, which stares me in the face, of a family headed by a nervous person, you would not wonder. If the disease is produced by ill health, or if it comes on when one is borne down by the pressure and cares of life, it is another thing, and I would then cherish, tenderly and fondly, the wife and mother who so suffered; but never, no, never, will I voluntarily marry one I know to be subject to such affections. Grace, you know I love you with the whole strength of my heart, and it has been no light struggle with me to come to this conclusion; no sleep visited my eyes last night; they were hours of suffering, keener than I can describe; but my resolution is taken. I shall be absent, perhaps, two years. When I return, if you have conquered this failing, we will be united in closer bonds than ever; if not, we must separate for ever.'

"He started up in horror; for the only reply I gave him was the wild laugh so like the senseless mirth of the maniac. Shrill and loud it rang through the house, quickly summoning to my side my mother and all the family; the shock had been too great, my nervous system never having been strengthened; indeed, always weakened by indulgence, I was utterly unable to meet disappointment or chastisement of any kind. I laughed, I wept for hours; then followed a long period of exhaustion, all ending in a nervous fever. Before I recovered at all to consciousness, William's time had expired, and he had departed; but he had

left a letter to be given me as soon as I was able to read it. It was full of true affection and deep sorrow: he reproached himself keenly for his harshness. My life had been at one time despaired of, and the torture he had suffered exceeded description. He saw to what his impulsive rashness had led him; and the rashness of his words weighed like lead upon his heart. He prayed for my forgiveness, and earnestly entreated that he might look forward to our union, soon after his return from this voyage.

"The letter touched me deeply; but I had been so cruelly wounded, it took me long to recover the tone of my mind, or to feel my affection for him: it remained deep in my heart, but was hidden even from myself for a time. As soon as I recovered, I began to exercise the most rigid self-control. I gave myself daily duties to perform. Having no domestic duties, I substituted studies; I commenced teaching myself German; I sought out the poor, and ministered to their necessities; and, more than all, I prayed for strength, morning and evening, in my private hours. I implored the good All Father to give me power to control my weak nerves; and, when I felt them giving way, I sought for strength from him, and the prayer of faith was answered. By degrees the elasticity of my spirits returned; I felt my own improvement; I began to realize that I, too, could endure; and soon the sweet thought of William's return, and delight at the power I had gained over myself, began to weave itself into my daily life. I saw, I acknowledged, he had been right in his feelings, even if a little harsh in his manner of expressing it. Letters came from him full of love and hope. The months rolled on; the time drew near when he was expected; my heart was full of happiness. I was now the life of the home-circle; no cloud ever darkened my brow; I was queen over myself; my nerves were no longer my masters, but I ruled them with an iron will; I wondered at the change myself; but, oh! I rejoiced, and thanked God for the power he had given me.

"The time had drawn so near for the expected return of the ship in which Willie was, that I began to count the days; when, O Lizzie! it is sad to me even now to speak of it, the news came of the total loss of the vessel and the crew. A few of the sailors and two of the officers alone were saved to tell the dreadful tale! One, Willie's most intimate friend, of equal rank and about the same age, came to see me. He told me of his heroism in the last dreadful hour; that he might have been saved, had he

not sacrificed himself for others. He told me, too, of the depth of his love for me; how deeply he had mourned his harshness, as he called it; how happy he had been made by the first letters he received from me, and a thousand little particulars which I cannot give you now. How grateful did I feel, my dear Lizzie, that I could bear this trial of my new strength! I mourned for him; the shock changed the whole current of my life; the joy and buoyancy of existence was gone, at least for a time; but I determined no sadness of mine should cloud the loved ones about me, or grieve his spirit. I felt that he would walk with me in unseen companionship; and that, when this mortal shall put on its immortality, we should be re-united at the very threshold of the grave; and, with these comforting thoughts, I have ever been as you well know, Lizzie, cheerful, — ay, more, happy."

Aunt Grace ceased; the tears dropped from Lizzie's eyes silently upon the soft hand which was still clasped in hers. "Thank you, thank you, dear aunt Grace," she said: "this sad lesson shall not be lost upon me. With your help, I will try no longer to be the self-willed girl I have been; I will, God helping, live for others, not myself alone." And, lifting her eyes to heaven, she breathed a fervent prayer for strength, — a prayer echoed in aunt Grace's heart, and which has already brought its fruits of self-control and inward peace.

T. D. F. B.

THE HEART.

WE propose to speak of the education of the heart, "out of which," as the wise man says, "are the issues of life," — yes, all that is most precious in life, — *life* itself. Without the affections, which are the peculiar emanations of the heart, man would be but a dwarf-being, a blighted creation. We all know the effect of kindness, benevolence, sweet, melting charity, devotion, disinterestedness, noble self-sacrifice, — how they elevate and spiritualize the soul, making it a fit residence for angelic visitants, and freeing it from all sorrow, and conquering earthly suffering. Without these divine manifestations of a heavenly birth, all the glitter of intellect, the pomp of a majestic reason, the most gorgeous imagination, and even a prophetic reason, enabling us to peer into the future, would be as nought in the balance, and would only serve to make their possessor more miserable.

In the quiet, gentle charities of home, the picture is presented in the most attractive colors; and there, O parents! let them shine before your children. Let *them* early be imbued with the spirit of respectful deference to their elders and superiors, a fond and unselfish regard for their equals, and, above all, with a tenderness and watchful thoughtfulness over inferiors in strength or station.

Let a prompt obedience be rendered to those to whom it is due, a pleasant intercourse with each other be insisted on, — thus banishing all fretful murmuring, all disagreeable provocations, and, finally, all tyrannical treatment of servants or animals within the compass of their acquaintanceship. With a love of truth for the foundation, what a perfect fabric of character a good mother might build, even without the aid of accomplishments and intellectual prowess! and how much more certainly might she look forward to a place in heaven for her dearly loved ones!

Here is a well of meaning in these few words of the poet:—

“Hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of lip!
How smooth ye make the road of it!”

Little breezes, too, fan us when worn and weary from the turmoil of life; sweetest draughts of comfort when sick and exhausted by the corroding cares that constantly assail us; foretastes of the celestial harmony and love which will certainly greet us if we have unflinchingly loved “our neighbor man.”

We certainly have many proofs, from the records of the past, that talent or genius of the highest order is no safeguard against the temptations of life; that we even poise the most deadly weapons of mischief when the mind is enlightened, if the heart be left sterile and uncared for. What like the talisman of a mother's love, the beseeching glance of a sister, or the earnest prayer of one still more dear, in the hour of sorest struggle with the powers of evil? Surely, even Satan himself might well tremble and fly before them.

Mothers, sisters, wives! make home delightful! Twine around your sons, brothers, and husbands, the allurements of your pure affection, the certainty of your never-failing interest, and the attractions of a refined, polished, and cheerful fireside. Never fear any assault, ever frail as poor human nature is known to be, if the Shekinah of the Heart is set up in every household, silently and surely making it a Christian circle of disciples.

Whatever of influence we have with our fellows, or whatever power we exercise over the wills of others, thus securing a place in the great drama of life, never comes from the sagacity of our mental perceptions or the depth of our reasoning faculties, but from the persuasive tones, the eloquent look, and the indescribable charm of manner. Orators, statesmen, generals, and poets, all yield to the subtle influence of the kindly affections; and a little child may lead the fiercest man, where valor itself would not dare open the way.

The common idioms of language, the proverbs and rhymes of every country, bear witness to the potent sway of this magic wand; and, in giving our highest commendation of another, we can say nothing better than that "he has a heart in the right place." Whole tomes of learning and all the trappings of temporal power vanish, as of no value, before the simple majesty of honest heartiness, no matter how simple the garb, or how rough the exterior.

The real essence of politeness, springing, as it always does, from a genuine good-will, is greatly to be sought after; but, for its sickly semblance, the hollow artificialness of mere form, the hateful policy of a hypocrite, who has not the greatest disgust?

The intense satisfaction and reward, also, of the *interchange* of friendly words and feelings, who can tell? Like the perennial spring, it never ceases to give forth its blessings, making green and beautiful its own domain, and sending forth its refreshing influences to many a distant spot of verdure and gladness.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive;" therefore let it be the joy of our life to scatter the delicate ministrations of love, to soften the hard and barren soil of selfishness, and, wherever we are, endeavor to make glad the hearts of those around us. There can surely be no higher mission than this, if we do it as a grateful offering to our Heavenly Father for all his mercies; and faithfully striving, with a brave, cheerful spirit, to lighten the burthen of the heavy laden, thus to show forth the true effect of Christian charity in a well-developed and *thoroughly educated human heart*.

"Do and suffer nought in vain;
Let no trifle trifling be:
If the salt of life is pain,
Let e'en wrongs bring good to thee;
Good to others, few or many,
Good to all, or good to any."

K. M. H.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

"A WORD to Sabbath-school Teachers," in a former number of the Magazine, was read by us with much interest. We have long felt that Sabbath Schools accomplished but little good, in comparison with what might be expected of them, and have sometimes even doubted, whether, as at present conducted, the whole system might not be considered a failure. Not that we think that parents, shifting the responsibility upon Sabbath teachers, attend less to the religious instruction of their children at home. As far as our observation goes, the reverse is the case; as many now aid in the preparation of lessons for the Sabbath School, who would very likely neglect the matter entirely were there no such institution. Undoubtedly, in old Puritanical times, much more attention was given by parents to the religious instruction of their children than at present. But, since that time, the *forms* of religion, at least, have lost their hold—shall we say upon the heart or imagination? can *forms* interest the heart? However this may be, there is certainly less attention given to the *externals* of religion; and this change had, in a good degree, taken place before the institution of Sabbath Schools, so that the weekly catechizing, which, we are sorry to say, seems to have been in too many instances a mere form, was, it would appear, entirely neglected by a great majority of families, especially among those not professionally Christian. In saying that parents do, by aiding their children in their lessons, give more attention to their religious instruction than formerly, we may seem to be giving very important testimony in *favor* of Sabbath Schools, and so it is, as far as it goes; but we must add that this aid is often merely mechanical, consisting only in pointing out correct answers to questions in the book, or giving the proper pronunciation of words, as the age of the child may be. But even *this* is not to be undervalued as a slight testimony of regard for the subject.

• It is not, therefore, this view of the matter which has led us to doubt the utility of the institution, but it is the distaste for its exercises generally felt and expressed by those for whose benefit it was founded and is sustained. We often ask children if they like the Sabbath School, and the answer is almost invariably in

the negative, especially from boys and young lads. If asked why they do not like it, they say, "Oh, it is so dull, — so tiresome!" Smaller children say, "I get so tired, and the lessons are so hard; I don't see what good it does." When we have received an answer of this kind from a child of six or seven years, who was vainly striving to commit to memory a hymn, or hard sentence from the catechism, so entirely above comprehension as to convey not the slightest idea to the mind, we have felt equally doubtful of its utility. Could not something, for the younger classes, be made to supply the place of the catechism used in many, if not all, our churches? the language of which, even the most lucid explanation, cannot make clear to their minds, until a book better adapted to their capacity can be supplied. Would it not be better to take the Bible itself, and read the history of those of whom the catechism treats; pointing out, in plain and simple language, their traits of character, and the lessons to be drawn from their experience? The child's mind would thus be saved the burden of so many incomprehensible words, which are rather an impediment than aid to knowledge, and which render the whole matter so distasteful. Much also might be done by the parents by unity of action; and thus the child would have the benefit of the different ideas, and manner of instruction, of parent and teacher.

What is most needed is an interest awakened in the mind; and this can be effected only by the quickening influence of new ideas, instead of the burthensome weight of words. But, in order to this, they must have a *living* teacher; not one who is bound to dead forms, nor can go one step beyond the text. To make a sensible impression upon *any* mind, it is necessary that we should *enter into* it as it were, become one with it for the time being; it is only this entire sympathy which can enable us to understand what is wanted, or how it may be supplied. Whatever the child learns, should be "*learned by heart*," — not merely as this sentence is generally understood, but in its most literal signification. That which has a firm hold upon the affections is easily retained by the mind; while that which has not, has ever a doubtful tenure.

But the question arises, How are large boys to be brought to love, and thus to be benefited by, the instructions of the Sabbath School? and it is a question of deep interest and importance; for to no class

are its influences more necessary. We would say of them as of the younger children, it is only by entering into their minds and *hearts* through sympathy; and this can be done only by teachers who take a deep interest in the work, feel its full importance, and have faith in the result of their efforts. The mere talking about being good, especially in the listless, indifferent manner in which it is frequently done, is too indefinite to effect any practical results. Many a child has *said*, and more no doubt have *thought*, "I would be good if I only knew how." Now, the object of the teacher should be, first, to awaken a desire to be good, by showing, as clearly as possible, our moral responsibility, and next to show how it may be practically realized. For the latter, one must enter as far as possible into the peculiar circumstances of each individual pupil, realize the temptations to which he is most liable, and adapt the instructions to the same.

Would it not be well to seek to draw them out, with regard to their own experience and observation,—to give them some practical text for reflection and application through the week, and encourage their giving, on the following Sabbath, such observation or violation as they have experienced or witnessed, with the thoughts to which it may have given rise? At first, undoubtedly, most pupils would be rather reserved in expressing themselves; but, we think, by a gentle encouragement, which shall win their confidence, they may, in most cases, soon be led to speak their thoughts and feelings with frankness. We anticipate some objections to this method, and are free to admit that it *might* be carried out in a most objectionable manner; yet we think it liable to no evils which a judicious teacher might not guard against or counteract. The pupil should feel that he has the sympathy of his teacher in his errors, mistakes, and *sins*, as well as in the successful resistance of temptation; otherwise his full confidence will be sought in vain. A feeling of sympathy should also, as far as possible, be cultivated between the different members of the class. They should realize that they are fellow-travellers on the road to Eternity, to whom the teacher acts as guide. The latter might also furnish anecdotes and illustrations of the subject under discussion, drawn, as far as may be, from personal experience and observation; as such have more the appearance of reality, and make a deeper impression upon the mind, than those relating to one knows not whom.

What we regard as the great desideratum for the Sabbath School, or any other system for the advancement of the cause of Christ, is a something which will more intimately connect the gospel precepts with practical life. And we deem it of special importance, that this connection should be impressed upon the youthful mind, before it has become biased by a worldly policy; and would, therefore, adopt any course which should commend itself to us, as likely to produce this result. This is also the way to ensure the interest of the pupil, as there are no greater utilitarians, in their way, than young people. The question, *cui bono?* is ever on their lips. They do not like to waste their efforts for doubtful results, where they may be easily stimulated by understanding their practical bearing.

Children must be made to *love* the Sabbath School, ere it can accomplish any considerable amount of the good of which it is capable. We may seem to have spoken slightly of the former method of catechizing, as also of the present mode of teaching by formal questions and answers; but we can have no possible faith in any system of instruction that is not *loved*. We say, as before, that this *may* be better than no attention given to the subject, as it, at least, indicates some regard for religion; and also, though the truths inculcated, having no hold upon the affections, must, while this is the case, lie dormant in the mind, yet perchance, at a future time, some other influence may teach the heart to love them, when they will at once be awakened, and quickened into active life.

Of all influences which can be brought to bear upon the interests of practical Christianity, aside from that of truly Christian and devout parental influence, we regard that of the Sabbath School as by far the most potent. It makes, indeed, the nearest approach to the other; like that, it takes the mind when it is young, plastic as wax, and may be moulded at will. But, like wax, it is plastic only under a warm and genial influence; otherwise it becomes hard and unimpressible. And this suggests the one chief want from which we suffer, and which we fear cannot at present be fully supplied; that is, teachers who take a deep and appreciating interest in the work in which they are engaged. As long as our supplies come in so great measure from the worldly and indifferent, who often undertake the task of instruction, only because they know not how to resist the impor-

tunity with which they are assailed; or mere nominal Christians, who fear to stand aloof lest they be suspected of the indifference which they really feel;—so long as such is our dependence, what is to be expected but the present prosy method of illustrated questions and answers? Two or three teachers, who really took an interest in their work, and could thus infuse into their instructions some degree of vital warmth and energy, might, if they had a convenient room, so that each class could be brought into a compact form, that the voices of one might not disturb another,—two or three teachers might thus do more good than all the lumbering machinery at present in use.

The time devoted to the exercises certainly bears no proportion to their importance; and the question has often occurred to us, whether the school could not be taught in a vestry or school-room, during the time of morning or afternoon service. If thought best, this might include only those of twelve or fourteen and under, such as draw little if any instruction from sermonizing. The larger pupils, composing the Bible classes, &c., might still meet at the usual time; and, to preserve the unity of the school, all might assemble as usual for devotional and other exercises common to the whole school. This method would take from the regular services none old enough to be really benefited by them, except a few teachers, who would, we presume, be fully compensated for the sacrifice. We proposed the *time* of service, instead of before or after it; because that often, especially when the church is quite distant, it is much more convenient for families to go and return together; and also because we think one service, besides the school, as much as is profitable for either teacher or pupil.

With regard to want of intellectual qualification in teachers, spoken of in the article above referred to, we have long felt and readily acknowledge the deficiency. But where are to be found the books containing all the variety of information enumerated? We think one who would publish a list embracing them all would perform an invaluable service for Sabbath Schools. We presume most teachers, like ourselves, have felt their deficiency in this respect, and cast about them in vain for the means of supplying it. And there are, undoubtedly, many who, though they would gladly at any time resign their post to one more competent to fill it, would still more gladly render themselves so, could they procure the means. But we must still regard want of interest in

the work as a much greater evil than want of knowledge; as we should much rather trust to teachers of ordinary ability, animated by true religious zeal, than those lukewarm in this respect, though possessing the most thorough intellectual qualifications. Could we now, by some means, bring an invigorating and inspiring influence to bear upon our schools, we might hope for an efficient corps of teachers when the present pupils should become old enough to enter upon those duties.

R.

"AND THERE WAS NO MORE SEA."

No more sea ? and no more shore ?
 Sea-side walks and talks no more ?
 No more pacing o'er the sand,
 Watching how Jehovah's hand
 Holds the billows, and his will
 Bids their heaving breast be still ?
 No more gazing on the deep
 Where the clouds in beauty sleep,
 Where the sails of nations go,
 Wing-like, gliding to and fro ?
 No more clouds, from ocean's breast,
 Rising to the mountain's crest ?
 No more clouds, when glares the sun, —
 Beauteous clouds, when day is done, —
 Solemn clouds that slowly sail
 Thunder-freighted on the gale, —
 Awful clouds that, lightning-riven,
 Hint the majesty of heaven ?
 No more fountains, sparkling up
 In the rocky, sandy cup ?
 No more sweet, meandering rills,
 Making music through the hills ?
 No more rivers, to the sea
 Sweeping on in majesty ? —
 Sure, old saint, we read amiss ;
 Prophet-bard, thou mean'st not this !

C. T. B.

TACITUS * AND PAUL.

THE debt which the reading world owes to Mr. Henry G. Bohn grows larger with every new publication which issues from his busy press. Few book-catalogues can show so much that is valuable and attractive as that which dates from "York Street, Covent Garden, London;" and not the least valuable of the books therein set forth are the literal translations from Greek and Latin authors. It is true that, now and then, one of these translations (as that of Plautus, for instance) betrays the indifferent scholarship and meagre abilities of the editor; but most of them are faithful, scholarly, and readable. We would especially notice the versions of Homer and Herodotus, of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Plato, as giving perhaps the best rendering of those authors which readers, unacquainted with the originals (and many *soi-disant* classical scholars), can obtain.

But our object, in noticing this "Tacitus" of Mr. Bohn's, is not so much to speak of the publisher as of the author. Tacitus is one of those historians who are always spoken of by writers on history, who are recognized as authorities and masters in their department, but of whom, really, very little is generally known. Even in schools and colleges, at least in America, Tacitus is but little studied, while Livy and Sallust are text-books everywhere. And yet, among all the Latin writers, there is no such masterly delineator of character, no such forceful marshaller of words, as this neglected Tacitus. Even so, in Greek, Thucydides — the model of Tacitus in style — gets pushed aside by teachers and professors, to make way for easy, gossiping Herodotus and the smooth Xenophon.

The time and place of the birth and death of Tacitus are unknown; but he is thought to have been about the age of his friend, the younger Pliny, who was born A.D. 61. He lived, therefore, under the Emperors from Nero to Trajan, both inclusive, and is thought to have survived the death of Trajan, A.D. 117. He was of the equestrian order, and favored by successive emperors; having been first promoted by Vespasian, and advanced by Titus

* Tacitus; a New and Literal Translation. London: Henry G. Bohn.

and Domitian. He rose to great eminence as an orator; but of this we have no evidence in his extant works, unless we consider his treatise "*De Oratoribus*" as such. He is chiefly famous as a historian; and of his excellence in this kind of writing, his "*Annals*," about two-thirds of which are in existence, and his "*History*," of which we have the first four books and a part of the fifth, are sufficient proofs. These two works, if complete, would embrace the Roman history from the death of Augustus, A.D. 14, to that of Domitian, A.D. 96; and they are of inestimable value. The "*Life of Agricola*," and the "*Manners and People of Germany*," the other books of Tacitus, are equally good in their way.

Through them all runs the same vein of honest, manly thought; all bespeak the severe integrity and acute observation of the author; and all are tinged by his prevailing sadness and skepticism. Their literary merits are almost above price. The skill with which he sketches the personages of his story, — Tiberius, that mystery of iniquity, — the heroic Germanicus, the noble Thrasea, and the rest, — can only be compared with the consummate art of Dante and Shakspeare.

It is the religion of Tacitus, however, which we would especially remark upon; and, without further criticism of his style, we pass on to his views of faith and human destiny. It will be necessary, first, to look at the religious condition of the civilized nations of Europe in the days of the Roman historian, and to trace the origin of that condition in the laws of human nature, and the history of its development.

The destiny of man, and the method of government which we see manifested in the course of nature, and especially in human affairs, are subjects which must, at one time or another, occupy the attention of every thinking man. Early in life, indeed long before the untutored mind is competent to decide upon them, the questions, "What am I?" "Whence am I?" "Why am I?" force themselves on us, and demand to be answered. Happy is he who can answer them with clearness and satisfaction to himself; doubly happy, if in his youth he can do so, while his life is yet before him, ready to take any form which his faith may fix upon it. For all are not thus fortunate, even after a lifetime of action, of study, and of reflection; and not seldom do we see some noble bark, which has long sailed the ocean of Time, seeking for a

port, go down at last without sight of land, the sport of every wave and of all the winds. Oftener still do the newly launched boats, deceived by false lights, or lost in mist, under the unskilful guidance of their youthful masters, strike on hidden rocks, or drive madly on the shore, there to lie with other wrecks, their voyage defeated for ever. Others there are again, who, wandering long over the trackless seas, at last, like the much-enduring Ulysses, find shelter in a safe harbor, and finish their days in peace.

This universal inquiry into the reason of man's existence, — this searching out the method by which the affairs of life are regulated, has been the source of all our metaphysics and all our philosophy; man, looking about him, sees a constant change and succession of events, over which he has no control. The sun rises and sets, the seasons alter, the harvest grows and ripens; he is himself subject to the same powers of nature which regulate these events, and he lives or dies as they direct. At first, he ascribes this power, which is external to himself, to the objects which he sees about him. He personifies the sun and the earth, the wind and the sea, and believes that through their *will* he suffers or is rejoiced at their action upon him. This is the earliest form of idolatry, and the first rude chart of human fate, which is believed to be at the mercy of these numerous and independent powers. But soon these powers are brought under the control of a single will; and the numberless gods of the earliest mythologies all yield themselves to the sway of some one Supreme Being. Thus it was with the gods of Greece and of Egypt, and those of our Scandinavian ancestors. Preserving still their individuality, they obeyed, for the most part, but not always, the ruling deity. Thus, in Homer, Zeus is the controller of the world, and of the fates both of gods and men; yet the other gods sometimes rebel against him, and thwart his designs.

This Supreme Being is not usually supremely good; he has frailties and vices in common with men, and governs the world sometimes from caprice, and not from a fixed purpose. Sometimes, however, as in the old Persian theology, the supremacy is divided between two Powers, one of which represents the good principle, the other the evil; and these two are continually at war. Even in Greece, before the philosophic age, we find traces of this belief in the contest between the ruling gods and

those who preceded them; and in the dark hints which such writers as Æschylus give, that there is an authority beyond the realm of Zeus, to which even he must submit. This doctrine is announced with much clearness in the "Prometheus Bound," in some respects the most remarkable of all the Greek tragedies.

But gradually the popular faith in Homer's gods, presided over by Zeus, was shaken by the attacks of philosophy. Men found that the traditions, which lay at the base of their fantastic mythological structure, had no value except as poetry. They had outgrown the conception of Zeus which had satisfied their fathers, and they became painfully aware of the vices which were attributed to their gods. Moreover, they had searched into the mysteries of nature, and had found that what they once ascribed to the direct agency of the gods, now seemed to be only the result of natural and intelligible causes. They were no longer content with attributing all events to the arbitrary caprice of a despotic god; they sought to find some other motive for his action than his own selfish pleasure. Hence arose the various schools of Grecian philosophy; all, more or less, at variance with the old religion, and each striving to account, in its own way, for the existence and government of the world. One sect maintained that necessity was the divine essence of all things; that both divine and human affairs were regulated by a fixed and eternal fate. Another believed in the freedom of the human will; and between these two there were countless diversities of opinion.

Gradually these philosophical systems undermined the old faith in the gods of Olympus; and among the learned classes, both of Greece and Rome, a general skepticism prevailed. The common people, trained up in the ancient superstitions, so as to be the more easily kept in subjection to the State, were also, though more slowly, infected with the growing atheism. The religious solemnities, which at first were the most sacred institutions of those two nations, lost their sanctity, and became, more and more, a cumbrous engine of despotism in the hands of the powerful. Such was the religious condition of Rome in the days of Cicero, before that great revolution which changed so completely the government and the character of the Romans. But in the time of Tacitus, who was born some hundred and sixty years after Cicero, and a full century after the death of Julius Cæsar, the theoretical and practical atheism of the Romans

was greater than it had ever been before. To the sturdy valor and invincible energy of the republic had succeeded the tyranny, the effeminacy, and the corruption of the empire. The descendants of Brutus and Dentatus had yielded their necks to the yoke of the stupid Claudius, the cruel and profligate Nero, and the detestable Domitian. Crime had followed crime in such rapid succession, that it seemed scarcely possible for men to commit greater enormities than had been perpetrated by one after another of the degraded line of Cæsars. The ancient bonds of society were broken; friendship and social happiness were destroyed by mutual fear and the vices of the community. The worship of gods, though still kept up, was dishonored by the servile adoration paid to deified harlots, and emperors whose crimes alone were superhuman. Every thing betokened the decay of the old civilization, — the downfall of much that had been held sacred.

In such an age, what view of human destiny could be taken by a virtuous man? Could he believe that the gods governed a world in which he saw such flagrant injustice go unpunished, — such unblushing vice everywhere prosperous? Could he think that human affairs were regulated by a fixed order, established from eternity, when he saw such events as the downfall of an emperor, and the choice of his successor, brought about by apparently the merest chance? In what, indeed, could he believe? Could he have faith in any thing, — in human nature, or in divine goodness?

To this question, Tacitus has given a practical answer, as far as himself is concerned. From his writings we learn, — not by long discussions on philosophical subjects, but by the occasional allusions which he makes to such points, and by the general tone of his books, — that, in regard to any fixed opinions on the destiny of man, and the power which governs the world, Tacitus was entirely unsettled. He does not seem to have satisfied himself by all the reasoning which he could employ, or by any deduction from the facts of history or from personal experience. Let us consider the passages in which he speaks directly on the matter under discussion; and see if, by his own words, he does not bear us out in this conclusion. In the "Life of Agricola," one of the earliest works of Tacitus, written, as is commonly thought, in his thirty-seventh year, he speaks of the immortality of the soul with hope, but not with confidence.

"If," he says, addressing the departed Agricola, "there is anywhere a place for the departed spirits of the good,—if, as the wise conclude, the souls of illustrious men are not extinguished along with the body,—may you rest in happy quiet; inviting us, your family, from fond and weak regret, and from womanish lamentations, to the contemplation of your virtues."*

How different is the faint hope implied in this passage, and awakened, it would seem, more by the virtues and the greatness of Agricola, than by any strong conviction of the soul's necessary immortality,—how different is this, we say, from the eloquent arguments of Cicero on the same question! We quote, in contrast, that fine passage at the end of the first book of "*Tusculan Disputations*," a passage familiar to every school-boy, but still worthy to be transcribed for its glowing and beautiful sentiment:

"For not carelessly, nor by chance, have we been planted here and created; but surely there was some Power which sought the good of the human race; not begetting and nourishing us so, that, when we had gone through all our labors, we might fall into the eternal evil of death. Rather let us think of that death as a haven prepared for us, and a secure roadstead; and oh that we might draw nigh unto it with sails spread to the breeze! But if we are driven back by contrary winds, yet there of necessity must we come, though with a little less swiftness. What is necessary for all, can that be a misfortune for any?"†

But it may be said, that this which we have quoted from the "*Agricola*" was the opinion, or rather the doubt, of Tacitus in his youth, and that he grew to a firmer faith as he advanced in years. To show how this was, we take from the "*Annals*" two quotations, which give more clearly than any thing else, the views of the author in regard to fate. We have seen that, in his youth, he hoped in immortality, though he did not believe in it; hear now what he says of the government of the world. In the eighteenth chapter of the third book of "*Annals*," he speaks of the insignificance of that Claudius who was afterwards made emperor, and of how little expectation there then was of his future greatness; and this reflection occurs to him:—

"For my part, the more I consider the things which have happened in ancient or modern times, the more I am struck by

* *Agricola*, cap. xlv.

† *Tusc. Disp.*, liber i. 118, 119.

the jesting way in which all mortal affairs are managed; since all men were more destined to the throne by report, by confidence, and by reverence, than he whom fortune was holding in secret as the future emperor."

Here appear plainly the skeptical views which Tacitus entertained of fate. He did not even believe, as many of his age did, that fate was fixed by an immutable law, so that every act must be followed by certain and invariable consequences. He seems to maintain, rather, that man is the *sport* of fortune, as of an arbitrary and capricious mistress. We shall hereafter consider how far this passage expresses the real sentiments of Tacitus.

But, of all that he says on these points, there is nothing more worthy of notice than his statement of conflicting opinions, in the twenty-second chapter of the sixth book of "*Annals*." We shall not hesitate to quote this also, since it is of no great length, and because it exposes more clearly, than any words of ours, the uncertainty which prevailed in the writer's mind. After speaking of the dealings which Tiberius had with the magicians and diviners, and relating a curious anecdote of the soothsayer, Thrasullus, he goes on to say:—

"But, for my part, when I hear these things, and such as these, my judgment wavers in uncertainty, whether the events of man's life are brought about by fate and an unchangeable necessity, or by chance. For one finds the wisest of the ancients, and those who follow their several sects, divided in opinion; and many are firm in the belief, that 'neither our beginning nor our end, nor in fine any thing relating to man, is a care to the gods. Therefore, very frequently, sorrow comes to the good, and joy to the less deserving.' Others, again, think that 'the idea of Fate is perfectly consistent with the events which take place; but a fate not depending on wandering stars, but on the beginning and succession of natural causes.' And still they leave us 'a choice of life: only, when we have once chosen, there is a fixed order of consequences. Nor are good fortune and ill what the vulgar think them. Many who appear to be struggling with adversity are happy; while many, though in enormous affluence, are the most wretched of men: if the one class bear misfortune with fortitude, the others make an inconsiderate use of their prosperity.'

"Still, many men cannot be persuaded but that, 'at the very

beginning of every life, all that is to befall it is appointed; although some things may fall out otherwise than was predicted, by reason of the mistakes of men who say what they do not know. In this manner is belief destroyed in an art, of whose truth our own age, as well as antiquity, has afforded clear proof.' "

Here we have three distinct opinions stated, all very fairly; and all of them, as the writer appears to think, entitled to some consideration. In fact, it would be hard to say which he himself prefers; nor need we his preliminary assertion to convince us, that his judgment knows not which to choose.

The first opinion mentioned is, that all things are brought about by chance; that the gods have no concern in the arrangement of events, but leave them to the blind grouping of accident. This opinion, corroborated by the evils which befall the virtuous, and the success which the vicious often gain, is precisely that supported by Tacitus in our quotation from the third book of "Annals." The "*ludibria rerum mortalium*," there spoken of, are the effects of the ill-regulated government of chance, which mixes together the tragic and the comic in hopeless confusion. But let us be careful about ascribing this opinion to Tacitus, until we have considered what he says elsewhere. We should rather affirm that he adhered to the second of these doctrines, a doctrine much more in accordance with the Christian idea of the moral government of the world. For what is this "fate which depends not on wandering stars, but on the beginning and succession of natural causes," — what is this but the will of a Supreme Being, who, knowing all things, orders from the beginning the events which are to take place in his universe? At least, it is the nearest approach to our conceptions of God, which either of these opinions affords. Yet this Being, —

"Binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will;"

for these philosophers, says Tacitus, still leave us a "choice of life, only attaching certain fixed consequences to all our actions." Nor does he, in his disposal of human things, proceed always according to our notions of what is fortunate and unfortunate; "for many who appear to be struggling with adversity are happy; while many, even in enormous affluence, are the most wretched of men."

It is this last proposition of those who maintain this second opinion, which induces us to rank Tacitus among its supporters. For, of all who ever wrote history, he has shown, most conclusively, how certain is the retribution which follows guilt, and how sweet the peace of mind which attends virtue. Living in an age when nearly every restraint of morality was removed, and writing the history of one of the saddest eras in the whole life of mankind, he nobly takes his stand on the broad foundations of the moral law, laid deeply in man's nature. He does not, like Sallust, attack the vices which he himself commits; nor, like Livy, sacrifice truth and fairness at the shrine of an idea; but, to all the men and all the actions described by him, he applies the strict rule of morality which his own lofty spirit supplied. In the midst of the splendor of imperial luxury, he shows us the guilty monarch writhing with remorse and cowardly fear; he draws aside the curtain from the death-scene of Pætus Thrasea, and we behold the calm majesty of virtue, undismayed by the woes and the disgrace which vice heaps upon it.

With such noble sentiments of justice, such firm belief in the necessity of goodness, and the certain punishment of all iniquity, it seems improbable that Tacitus can really have doubted that a wise Providence governs the world, however much he may have questioned it in moments of despondency, or when moved by the seeming want of design in the succession of events.

Yet we can easily see, from the many allusions which he makes to the arts of diviners, and to prophecies of the future, that he was not quite willing to give up the third opinion. This is the belief in an immutable necessity which foreordains, from the beginning of each man's life, how each act of that life shall take place; and that the decrees of this necessity may be learned by men, who thus become able to predict the future. Tacitus does not appear wholly to have escaped those superstitions so prevalent in his time, — a belief, that is, in the power of magicians and soothsayers, and all the mysterious lore of wizards and seers. It is seldom that any man can wholly set himself above the credulity of his age; and there are instances of men of surpassing genius, who, even in defiance of their age, have cherished a faith in the supernatural. But Tacitus, if he gave some credence to prophets and sorcerers, was free from their grossest delusions. He would not wholly refuse to believe the testimony of antiquity

and of his contemporaries, but he received it with large allowance and a prudent skepticism. Caution, indeed, must have been a strong element in his character; and perhaps we may refer to this his uncertainty of opinion in regard to the destiny of man. The ardent, enthusiastic Cicero felt convinced of the soul's immortality and of the goodness of the Supreme God, — be he who or what he might; but to the colder intellect of Tacitus, these conclusions were far less clear. So true is it that a man's faith depends, more or less, on his temperament, and the character of the people among whom he is thrown. Nevertheless, we can scarcely plead in defence of Tacitus the general atheism of his times. This would excuse a man of ordinary powers perhaps, or one who had no means of acquainting himself with the wisdom of antiquity, or the religion of other nations. But Tacitus was no ordinary man. He towers in true grandeur above all his Roman contemporaries, and puts himself on a level with Cicero and Lucretius, and the great men of the republic. His learning, too, was of the widest and most catholic sort ever possessed by a Roman. The rich stores of Greek philosophy and history and poetry were open to him far more than they can be to us. He drank at the sweet stream of Plato's eloquence many a league nearer the source than we can do. He was skilled in the doctrines of the Stoics, and the Epicureans, and the other metaphysicians of Greece; and he must have been familiar with the conclusions of Cicero, whatever they are worth. More than all, he lived a century after Christianity was introduced into the world; and he might have studied, had he chosen to investigate it, the most sublime system of ethics ever taught among men. It would be interesting to know if Tacitus, in his supreme Roman disdain for any thing so insignificant as the sect of Christians, was in his day ever troubled himself to inquire what it *was* which these fanatics believed, and for which they so cheerfully died. One would think, that, if he had heard the true story of the rise and character of the new religion, his upright and virtuous soul would have recognized at once the excellence of the truths which it proclaimed. Its teachings would have driven away the uncertainty which clouded his judgment, and its annals would have furnished him with brighter examples of manly virtue than even Thræsea and Agricola. But he always speaks of the Christians with contempt; they are a "detestable

sect," — not deserving, to be sure, the punishments which Nero inflicts, yet not worth shielding from them.

We can scarcely imagine a greater contrast between two men of such eminence in morality, and such real greatness, as is presented by Tacitus and the Apostle Paul. As we have dwelt at some length on the cheerless doubts of the Roman orator, let us turn, for a moment, to the Jewish tent-maker, and compare *his* views of fate and human destiny with those of which we have been speaking. As we pass from the gloomy mist of error and uncertainty of the one, into the sure brightness of the other's faith, we seem to ourselves like one who, lost among unknown mountains in the cold vapors of the morning, sees suddenly, from some high peaks, the sun burst forth out of his cloudy prison, and light up all the lands below and around him. The heavens and the earth seem not disclosed, but new created, in the wonderful radiance encircling all things. How different was the outward life of these two men, who, for a few years of that life, were contemporaries ! The one, a Roman knight of an illustrious family, — wealthy and learned, — the favorite of emperors, and the friend of the greatest and the wisest of his city, — passed his life, unharmed by the storms which raged about him, in the elegant pursuits of literature, and the dignified administration of public affairs. Strangers thronged to see him, charmed by the grandeur of his thoughts and the manliness of his style: he became famous throughout Italy and the Roman world. Surviving the odious proscriptions of Domitian, he lived to a good old age; and, for aught we know, died quietly in his bed; leaving such fame behind him, that future emperors loved to trace their pedigree back to him.

The other — the descendant of a despised race, born in a provincial city, and learned in scarcely any thing but the sacred books of his own nation — early in life becomes converted to the most unpopular religion the world ever saw. He embraces it with fervor, and devotes his life to its advancement. From town to town, from land to land, he preaches the faith which has filled his own soul with joy and peace. He is reviled, hissed at, imprisoned, beaten, persecuted in all ways; in poverty, and without friends, he earns his bread by the labor of his hands; and he closes his long and toilsome course by a martyr's death. In the very city where the young Tacitus, surrounded by all the splendor of Roman wealth and rank, was laying the foundations of his

wide and liberal culture — in this very Rome did Paul suffer the tortures of martyrdom under the bloody Nero! What lives could be more dissimilar than those of these two men? Yet they were more alike in life than in religious belief. Look at the religion of Tacitus: what is it? There is to him no fair and certain order of the universe, sustained by the hand of a loving God, the Father of mankind. He sees, instead, only mist and darkness enshrouding the Cause of things; a darkness behind whose veil he fancies that he hears sometimes the steady tread of an intelligent Fate; sometimes that he listens only to the blind and aimless uproar of ungoverned Chance. He looks abroad on mankind, and he sees only a *hope* that virtue will be rewarded and vice punished at last; and while, with his strong moral sense, he bravely maintains the integrity of his spirit, and urges the sacred claims of truth and goodness, it is with the hopeless conclusion staring him in the face, that all will avail men nothing in the end. There is, to be sure, in this devotion to virtue for its own sake, a loftiness of principle which we must admire all the more for the doubts with which it was accompanied; and that can be no true virtue which finds its incentive in the hope of reward. But to doubt of the final triumph of good over evil, seems to imply a want of moral sanity.

He feels no thrilling certainty of the soul's immortality, no longing after death as for a passage into the true life, but can only nurse a doubtful hope that there is a home for the departed spirit. Finally, there is in him no enthusiasm for his fellow-men; no earnest desire to lead them forward; no self-sacrificing devotion to their wants; no deep compassion for their sins and their woes. In his system, such as it is, there is, properly speaking, no *religion* at all: all is cold, cheerless, and unsatisfying.

In contrast to this, look at the sweet, sublime faith of Paul. To him there is no doubt of God's existence, — no doubt of his power or his justice or his love. To his God, he looks up as to the infinite Father of all men; and, by his assistance, he feels power to do all things, and suffer all things. This earthly life is, to the apostle, only the prison of the soul, from which he longs to escape into the freedom and light of the future life. Nothing can shake his belief in the soul's immortality: it is the constant theme of his preaching. His love for mankind, and his zeal for the service of God, know no bounds. He exposes himself to all

the dangers of sea and land, and the worse perils of false friends and implacable enemies; he wears out his life in journeys from country to country, laboring for the conversion of all men.

Such was the faith and life of Paul and Tacitus; and the world, which, when it has the case fairly laid before it, seldom judges wrong, has long ago decided on their comparative greatness. While Tacitus — peerless master of the pen as he is — is scarcely heard of beyond the walls of the college or the library, the immortal words of Paul have become a part of the world's most sacred treasures, — the common property of all men. In millions of human hearts, his writings kindle the pure flame that blazed in his own; and men, admiring the fervor and the holiness of his life, have made him a saint, and worship his memory.

Our general conclusion, then, is this, that Tacitus had no settled opinions on the matters in question. He was truly a skeptic, — using the word in no invidious sense, — but we may well say he was *unfortunately* a skeptic. He stood between two civilizations, — that of the Greeks and Romans, and that of the Christians; and, while he had well nigh lost all faith in what had gone before him, he was no prophet to anticipate the future. Could he have humbled his proud Roman spirit, to learn the simple precepts and surpassing truths which the despised Christians might have taught him, his whole character would have been wonderfully ennobled by it. How gladly would his upright, fearless soul have embraced the Christian faith! how he would have rejoiced in the certainty of God's goodness! and how clear before him would have become the whole path of history, and the whole cycle of eternity! But he went down to his grave without that light which his sad eyes sought for so long. Let us hope that, in another world, the problem of this life was made clear to him, and that his noble spirit has taken its place among the just of all ages and all nations in the celestial city of the Infinite God.

F. B. S.

“RARELY, indeed, have we any thing approaching an elevated and pure monotheism as the simple and undoubting conviction of human reason, except among that little knot of modern deists, who, somehow, never appear except where the Bible has gone before them.”

GOD THE DESTROYER.

A SERMON, BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

JOB, xiv. 19 : "The waters wear the stones ; Thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth, and Thou destroyest the hope of man."

It is written of God, the Creator of the world and the Father of men. The God of life and light, the blessed Providence, the Fountain-head of being, is manifested also as a Destroyer. And so often and so clearly is he seen under this aspect, that the earlier thinkers upon religious subjects were led to a belief in two Gods, equal in power, opposite in nature and in work ; and they called the one Creator, and the other Destroyer. Our sacred traditions teach that the Lord God is one Lord, forming light and creating darkness, making peace and creating evil, clothing the earth with its spring greenness, and withering the leaves of autumn. The Supreme Father claims all his works ; those which dishearten and disappoint, and almost crush life out of us, as well as those which feed and gladden us. Amongst his many names, he declines not this of Destroyer ; for even destruction may be merciful and beneficent.

Turn which way you will, look at what you will, beneath the eternal heavens and outside of the immortal soul, and you will find God the Destroyer unmaking that which he himself hath made. It is not the way of Providence, as it is now discovered for us, to create once for all and out of indestructible materials a changeless world. The mountains are the symbols of endurance, but the waters are ever wearing them away ; we call the rocks our monuments, but this soft and viewless air wraps them about like a mantle, and, filling their pores with a subtle poison, consumes their strength, and they become powder and dust ; the world of trees and plants and sod is a new world with each new year ; and these bodies, even before their life is seized away for ever, again and again are destroyed and re-made. Everywhere do you trace the hand of the Destroyer, — a hand that seems to be warring against man, and never leaves him until he is hidden under the earth. There is no spot where the living are gathered upon the surface, in their bright and pleasant homes, which has not also its group of dead beneath ; the memorial stones telling of a multi-

tude that were, but are not, because God changed their countenances, and took them away. Let men build a magnificent city, a Thebes, a Babylon, a Palmyra, and then leave their work to what we call the hand of time, — that is, the power which accomplishes in time its wondrous changes, — and, before the last footfall has ceased to resound from the deserted pavements, the Destroyer is there; and what a ruin will meet the eyes of the traveller who shall journey that way after the lapse of a few years! Reclaim a dismal swamp to fertility and beauty and fragrance; then go, and leave it to nature's husbandry; directly the rain and the heat, the snow and the cold, and all noxious plants, undo your work, and the garden is again a wilderness.

But it concerns us more to note the illustrations of our text that fall within the circle of our immediate personal experience and observation. If we live at all beneath the surface of life, we find the blessed Providence arrayed against us as a Destroyer. The great God, whose way through his world no man can obstruct, turns his strength against our opinions, our cherished thoughts; against our institutions; against our routines, the paths which we have smoothed and straightened and fenced in; against the homes and chapels of ease which we had prepared for ourselves, to be our secure resting-places; against our friends, upon whom we had fondly set our hearts; and at last, with a single stroke, cuts the bond which tied us to all of earth that we love and labor for. Often, from our very soul's core, must we say, "*Thou destroyest the hope of man.*" Thou dost strike upon his heart with an iron hammer. Thou dost level to the dust, and make even with the ground, the structures of his fond expectation; not a vestige shall remain; and, to all appearance, he must go out into a wilderness, and abide the merciless pelting of the storm. All the deeper experience of the human soul contains an element of profound sadness; and, through all the rejoicings of the world, the discerning ear will catch an undertone of wailing; and only with certain and great limitations are we able to say, that God meant us to enjoy life, to find our hope realized. We bind our hearts upon certain thoughts, a set of opinions, a view of truth, a doctrine, a creed, written or unwritten; it is our pride, our joy, our peace, our hope; we have been persuaded that we and the world were to gain great good from it, even to be saved by it; we are distressed by any suggestion of disturbing it; but it is only the hope of

man after all; and, at the great assize for judging between Truth and Falsehood, the witnesses will continue to come in, the facts and arguments will continue to accumulate, and the Everlasting Law will be again and again expounded, and the verdict will be in accordance with the new facts and the new exposition, let our opinion have been what it may. Sadly must we abandon our old convictions: the reed upon which we leaned is broken, and our unfailing cistern no longer supplies or holds any water. It is hard indeed to hear the voice which dooms to destruction a cherished creed. There are many who have no courage to listen to it; many who still cling with a madman's embrace to the body from which the soul has fled, as if their living touch could re-animate the lifeless. And as it is with opinions, so it must be with the institutions which express and carry them out, with cherished usages and ceremonies and sects and parties. They go by a divine Fate; no matter what cherished hope may urge. If you would know how little power man has, save as he is leagued with higher Powers and borne on by them, try to sustain a cause against which the Destroyer has turned his strength. Try to persuade men that the death-coldness is but a passing chill, that the setting sun cheers and warms us like the rising sun, that a dead church is a living church, that a denomination which has exhausted its energies is still in its youthful vigor, and you will learn that no one can prevail against the decree that appoints incessant change for all merely human institutions.

And as it is with opinions and institutions, so is it also with the whole routine of life. You can hardly make any disposition of it which shall be complete and final; you settle quite according to your mind all the details of your week-day work; you resolve upon quiet; you say to your soul, "Soul, take thine ease now; give up, once for all, this restless, ceaseless contriving;" and presently some unforeseen contingency deranges your whole plan, and makes you a beginner again; for Providence seems to hate routines and establishments and fixtures, and drives men from their old beaten tracks and their favorite haunts, and makes them about equally dissatisfied with prosperity and adversity. "It is all the harder for him," men often say of some unfortunate person; "for he seemed at last to be comfortably provided for;" and yet at just such a time is the work of destruction very likely to begin. And again, upon what a slender thread hangs the

great weight of all that we most prize in this world ! how much of what we would fain consider certain, depends upon the uncertainty of a human life, — a life which a single drop of blood, misdirected, may extinguish ! Not a sun rises and sets, that this scripture is not thus fulfilled ! Not a sun which shines not upon some household where the hope of man is destroyed, where poor humanity owns its utter insufficiency.

And, now, why is it that the Destroyer is abroad thus in the world ? It is a question which can be answered only in part. "Dark is the abyss of time," and only enough of "light to guide our steps is given." Yet, ever premising this, we may say that it is because progress and labor and everlasting life, even in these earthly circumstances, and immortality, when these days are numbered and finished, are appointed for us ; and, by all means, we are to be kept to our tasks, and bound to our destiny. It has been so from the beginning. It would seem that we were put into this world before it was finished ; before what is called the geological era had quite run out ; just as soon as men could live here with any thing like comfort, not to say enjoyment. We were put here to finish what God began ; and, lest this should not sufficiently occupy us, there is, as I have said, a continual tendency in nature to relapse into a wild and dreary and unfruitful state ; a tendency in things to alter for the worse, unless they are properly cared for. We must ever be fencing out the wilderness and the wild beasts ; and the same watchfulness and energy, which conquered our possessions for us in the beginning, must be applied to secure them ; and we must see the life appointed for our minds and hearts, exemplified in the life of nature. The works which we have apparently finished are only begun : they are the first rude attempts of the child, which have answered their purpose in affording discipline and calling forth skill ; and they must be swept away to make room for something better. I suppose that we might have been placed in a world more nearly perfect than ours ; I suppose that the revelations which we have had from heaven might have been more explicit ; I suppose that we might be taught at once what we now learn by long and often painful experience. But it has rather pleased God that our life should be a growth and an effort ; that we should begin with a day of small things ; that, knowing in part, we should gradually enlarge our knowledge ; that we should be put to school in a

world which shall greatly interest, that it may greatly instruct, and yet a world which is not our home, and all of whose peculiar hopes are destined to be disappointed.

Very far, then, from simply discouraging are the manifestations of God the Destroyer which we are compelled to note. On the contrary, they have great and cheering lessons; and the sadness which they cause is more than counterbalanced by the wisdom which they minister. Had man been created for some inferior purpose, for the enjoyment of a brief day; were he doomed even to a perpetual childhood, the Destroyer would have past him by. No great things being in store for him, he would have been left in quietness to eat and drink to-day, and die to-morrow. But it cannot be so with him who is only a little lower than the angels. He cannot be allowed to rest. And if, as is most likely, the heavy atmosphere of the earth drugs him into slumber or sluggishness, and his hope is limited to that which he has thus far learned or done or gained, the time has come to disappoint him, to confound his judgments, to pull down his home, and to drive him to the task of reconstruction, from the absolute need of a shelter. What he is possessed of must be rendered useless, that he may, with good courage and manful effort, possess himself of something better. For some great purpose, we may be sure, the world has been kept in a turmoil almost from the beginning. For some great purpose are men ever so restless, so ill at ease, in their minds and hearts, and in their whole outward estate. The superficial and snarling cynic may call all their restless strivings the efforts of fools; but, if men were born fools, they would have a very quiet life of it. It is the effort to find truth and right and blessedness not yet attained which keeps them astir. The old heathen world was not without its goodness and its greatness; but it in nowise satisfied the great purpose of God: it must be destroyed; it must make way for Christianity. The church of Rome was, spite of its faults, a glorious church, — a church of apostles, and martyrs, and saints in Christ; the hopes of millions were bound up in it. But the church of God is greater, and the lesser must give way; and so it shall ever be until the kingdom shall be established; and, if one form of Christianity after another perishes, we may be sure that each death is the precursor of a nobler and diviner life.

It is an age of change and revolution. How many, who are

now on the stage, have seen the creed of their childhood fade away from amongst their convictions! how many pass, without entering, the church where they were consecrated in baptism! yet is this because they believe less, or because they believe more? Is it because their faith has withered up, or because it has expanded? It is a time when the hopes of many persons have been sadly destroyed; and there are those who are almost ready to believe that the Temple of God itself has fallen; yet let no man be persuaded that any thing really true or efficacious can pass away. With the utmost serenity should we look upon those changes which begin in death. *Fear not the sentence of death, remember them that have been before thee, and that come after; for this is the sentence of the Lord over all flesh*: so said the wise son of Sirach, speaking only of that death which consigns the body to the earth, and gives back the spirit to God that gave it, and urging only the universality of the doom as the reason for consolation. We may give to the word "death" a far wider meaning, and still we may say, — fear it not. There is no death, but only transition and reconstruction for truth and goodness. They may go away from us for a little while, as Jesus went away from his disciples; but they will come again in a diviner form. Doubts and denials may dishearten us for the moment; but, where they are to be traced to awakening intelligence and to unhesitating frankness, truth will come in some clear display to remove them, and the new light shall be fresh and beautiful like that of dawning day. It is not easy in our times to know upon what we may place our affections, so uncertain are the aspects of truth, and so confused have the thoughts of men become; yet doubtless this is because God has some great thing in store for us, and is preparing his world for a signal revival of the religion of his Son, — a revival which shall put meaning and spirit into words and ceremonies which now are too often formal, — a revival of faith and piety and holiness, under aspects which shall arrest the attention of the most careless bystanders, even as in the days of old.

Fear not the sentence of death: surely you do not fear it, but rather desire it, for the evil; and, as for the good, you can leave that to God. You would not love it, or be anxious concerning it, had not he so formed your mind and heart. *Fear not the sentence of death*: you would not know death at all, you would never have

so much as thought about it, but for the great *thought of immortality*; and He who put that thought into your soul did not put it there to mock and distress you. *Fear not the sentence of death*: prodigal indeed is Providence of earthly life, and exposures to the loss of it seem to be multiplied on every side; and, though three-score and ten years are our span, yet half this number measures the average life of our race. But have we heard of the death of a spirit? and do you think, that, if this life were all, it would be so little guarded and sustained of God? Is it not almost treated as a trifle; given one moment, and seized the next, and in a great multitude of cases never developed at all in this world, because this is only the veriest beginning of existence; because there is no destruction, but only change? *Fear not, then, the sentence of death*: the Destroyer is no anti-God, but the beneficent Father himself, the same sustaining Spirit, amidst these decays and deaths of autumn, as in the living spring. His sentence only turns back the spirit into itself, and gently compels meditations upon everlasting truths, and the heart that liveth for ever, — meditations which, so long as earthly hopes are realized, we are very ready to pass by. Let the admonitions of the declining year send us to the innermost chambers of the heart, where is the root of immortality. This time of the falling leaf is divinely appointed; it is sacred to the interior life, to hopes which are not destroyed; and, whilst it reminds us of the races of men, with their creeds, their institutions, their works, which all have passed away, it will lead the heart of the Christian to earnest contemplations of the mighty God, who is our Dwelling-place in all generations, and whose blessed Son is the Author of everlasting life.

Thou destroyest the hope of man! Upon many hearts these words must fall with a very sad and very touching significance. They remind us of those for whose voices we listen in vain to-day, as the psalms and hymns of the sanctuary fall upon the ear. They remind us of households made desolate, of a community enfeebled and bereaved. They remind us of kind hearts whose earthly pulsations are for ever ended, of skilful minds whose curious and serviceable devices can be ours no longer. Let us take to our inmost souls the solemn lesson. Let us commend our friends in bereavement to Him who never leaves us comfortless, but doth impart to all his faithful children, in their darkest hours, a spirit of sweet peace and reliance. And for ourselves, as one and

another say unto us, "I go the way of all the earth," let us so number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and work the work of Him who sent us while it is day; remembering that the night soon cometh in which no man can work. So may He who only hath immortality, and dwelleth in the everlasting glory, send into our hearts the light of life, the blessed ray which shall guide us to heavenly mansions.

ON RECEIVING, IN "THE WARD," A COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND FLOWERS FOR
THE USE AND PLEASURE OF THE PATIENTS.

OUR Saviour said, the gentle hand which gave
One single cup of the refreshing wave
To the afflicted, troubled, faint, distrest,
Should by himself protected be and blest.

We are afflicted; and the ear that hears
Our grief, the hand that wipes our tears,
And seeks to raise again the care-bowed head,
And soothe the darkened path that we must tread, —

Lays treasures up in heaven, where cankering rust
Can ne'er consume, nor moth transform to dust,
Nor thieves destroy, nor aught that's evil come;
Secured and guarded in our Father's home!

How shall we thank you for "*the books and flowers*"
Bestowed to help us pass the leaden hours?
Our hearts are full of thanks we cannot speak,
Sincere and soul-felt; but the words are weak.

A cooling cup of water to the taste;
A green spot gleaming in the desert waste;
A star in the far heaven, — a ray serene,
To cheer our way, your precious gifts have been.

May He whose bounty gave to you the power
And wish to cheer our every lonely hour,
To you his choicest gifts and mercies send,
And bless your life, — the wretched sufferer's friend!

RETROSPECT — ASPECT — PROSPECT.

THREE men had appeared to Christ as claimants for discipleship, all too selfish to wear the necessary yoke. Like some men of the present day, they desired the advantages which the kingdom of heaven afforded; but they would shrink from the duties necessarily crowding upon a professed believer in God and the Son. One, through fear of lack of shelter, steps back and is lost. Another, under the pretext of having a feeble father soon to die, disappears in the distance. A third begs leave to retread his steps, and say good-bye to the doubting friends in the house, and is caught in the trap always set by Satan for loiterers. "Let me do this or that, and I will surely be a Christian," say a great many; but the very wish for delay is an anathema upon the convictions. God will not accept the excuse. He asks, this very day, for the heart. We are mortgaged to duty; and, if we pay not the interest, our debt accumulates amazingly.

The three keys that unlock our subject are the three words: Retrospect — Aspect — Prospect.

Retrospect may be either injurious or beneficial; injurious when strengthening a false conservatism, when causing a hankering after the past and a clinging to its accustomed follies. The looking behind, when it strengthens bad habits, gives a glow of false beauty to depraved desires, and adds glory to unholy deeds by unnatural colorings. Such looking behind paralyzes Christian growth, vitiates Christian efforts, deadens Christian aspirations. It is a mildew upon success, and blasts all upward and onward tendencies.

Retrospect is beneficial when the looking behind upon deficiencies, omissions, and commissions, is an incentive to further effort and heartier consecration; when the many gaps in the rear start up the nerves and the will into holy resolves to supply.

Our many sad experiences should render easier the travel through life; our failures should be so many guide-posts to future success, so many assurances of no like sliding. As every accident upon steamboat or railroad nerves to greater carefulness the

engineers and conductors, so should our accidents and follies nerve us against carelessness, and warn us ever to keep the drawbridge down over the chasm of sin, into which so many plunge. Look back upon the road well worn by your footprints, and take a sober and stirring lesson from a Christian gaze into the past; a lesson that shall bring its evening setting sun, all luminous with its trailing light, leaving witness of an almost finished, yet calmly beautiful service. Look back to the morn of life, the light rising to its noon, the full height of its brilliancy, to its present moment of struggle. Thus will the forces of the past urge you forward, and forbid a relapse.

Christian perseverance depends a vast deal on aspect. As one puts the hand to the plough, he must examine the instrument, and the power that wields it; must be thoroughly acquainted with the agent, and the thing acted upon; must gauge their mutual capabilities and affinities, and thereby feed Christian effort. Thus aspect is beneficial. Know yourself, know what you are about, calculate your chances of success, brace your will, stir up your deadened zeal, and then start your work. Let cheerfulness suffuse your vision; go to work unpropheying, but resolved to succeed. This is healthy aspect. Aspect is hurtful when carried on in a complaining spirit, when pledged to despair, when a disordered vision makes the plough look too large or too small, or the worker of it of insufficient skill or of too little practice. Fretfulness has injured many a noble man; despair has buried many a noble enterprise. Aspect is disgraced when it results in gloom. The world is what we make it.

Prospect is an element of Christian perseverance. As we put our hands to the plough, we must ascertain the amount of field to be ploughed; and the imagination must picture to itself the beneficial results springing from earnest perseverance, such as a ploughed field, — a fruitful harvest, — God's blessing. Looking ahead and aloft is a grand posture. Victory is half won when it is clenched in the prospective. Our great men are all so made, by an accomplishment of their early visions; the reality of success only confirming the youthful sight of it, and blessing the efforts exerted in its attainment. A steamer sails from New York to Charleston, and reaches its haven all the more speedily by the captain's use of the telescope. Crush prospection, and you destroy the energy of life.

Child, reach forward to youth! youth, shake hands, by faith, with manhood and with old age, and thus strengthen your steps up the ladder of life! Prospect is injurious when it plays too much the giant or the dwarf. When it exalts into dreams the hopes of futurity, and causes action to fume into vapor, thus losing its condensation; or when it subjects the things before into a narrow compass, into no inviting shapes, and thus drives the mind to cowardice and drowns the will in stupidity. If we look ahead to unreality, and build our hopes on flimsy and faulty and silly speculations, disappointment must crown our foolishness, and progress must altogether cease. Such a prospect we are all warned to avoid.

Retrospect — aspect — prospect, are all elements of Christian perseverance. All Christians, as they set sail, are constantly measuring the space achieved, the ship of conveyance, its size, shape, fleetness, the ability of the crew to govern her, and the distance to be traversed before the port is reached; and believers find that labor alone can assure a man of a happy rest in heaven.

We have viewed our subject under its moral aspects: how is it spiritually?

Retrospection leads to contrition, — aspection to humility, — prospection to devout trust.

Christ, in his own example, teaches the need of the three. The retrospect of Christ was a view of his commission, sealed by his miraculous birth, confirmed by his miraculous powers; the aspect was a view of his mission so mighty; the prospect was the cross, the resurrection, the ascension, God's right hand, a redeemed world, a joyous heaven. Old-Testament quotations may be a sign of Christ's retrospect; Pharisaic and Sadducean denunciations, of his aspect; prophesyings of woe and sorrow were undoubtedly his prospect. The Redeemer illustrates our principles, and he illustrates all truth. He speaks out from his divine life, death, and ascension, just what we need for correction and salvation. In all our retrospect, aspect, and prospect, we find that Jesus alone is the sure rock of defence. We have to exclaim with the poet: —

“Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

"Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !

"O hope of every contrite heart !
O joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind thou art !
How good to those who seek !

"But what to those who find? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

"Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity."

Christianity becomes all the more powerful as it is shown to be the parent of morality. All the more do we love Christ when we discover him to be the focus of all truth.

Let the subject be fitly concluded by the illustration of the remark that Christian perseverance depends on the individual himself, to a great degree. Head, heart, and body are responsible for our Christian growth. Head, for we are all bound to keep it clear and firm, free from extravagances, sound in its operations, honest in all its actions ; heart, for the purity of it must be evident, and devoid of purity there is no Christian progression ; body, for that must be exercised, or sickness will upset our plans of advance, and perhaps fritter away all our opportunity for reform.

"He that puts his hand to the plough and looks back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven." Advance — advance — advance, is the clear voice of God, written on all objects meeting our gaze. Every Sabbath-day solemnly re-echoes this word. Are we advanced seven days more into the kingdom of heaven ? Does our Christian perseverance speak joyously of our past ? If not, at least let this day be set apart for a Sabbath-day's journey. At the altar of God let us pledge afresh our service ; let us look back, and become strengthened, as we view God's love bearing with our recreancy, God's mercy forgiving our sins, God's providence protecting our souls. Let us look at ourselves, and in docility confess dependence on the Father, and desire to be for ever his. Let us also look into the future, — into future

Sabbaths, and vow attentive ears and willing acknowledgment of God's truth; let us look at our dissolution, at the day of our death, and be resolved at that time to be calm, to be full of faith, to have the Saviour with us. Let us look up to our future home, to mansions in the skies, and hope that the Father, as we enter heaven, will greet us with the cheering salutation, —

“Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of your Lord.”

C. D. B.

H Y M N.

“As for truth, it endureth and is always strong: it liveth and conquereth for evermore.” —
ESDRAS, iv. 38.

GREAT is the earth, O God !
But mightier still is truth ;
As thou endurest, so it stands
Strong in eternal youth.

High is the pure, blue heaven ;
Truth is as pure and high :
All angels bless thy righteousness,
All men repeat the cry.

Unerring flies the sun,
But truth is surer yet :
The nations, quickened in its course,
Shall live, ere truth is set.

Transient are human works,
Wicked is human thought :
We perish in unrighteousness,
If truth inspire us not.

Christ yesterday, to-day,
For ever, — conquers, lives ;
Christ is thy truth and power for aye,
'Tis Christ thy kingdom gives.

No truth but is in him,
He claims no greatness else ;
The majesty of ages, he
Comes in the truth he tells.

C. H. A. D.

KATE A TEACHER.

(Continued from page 230.)

A WASP alighted on the top of the pew. Little Margey looked at him in some fear, and gave a little scream, when he spread his wings, and buzzed away over her head. Kate looked round; but she saw, that Nancy's hand was uplifted, and her eyebrows raised also, and that Margey was not unimpressed by her warning gestures. So the lesson Helen was reciting went on without interruption a little longer.

The wasp alighted on a pew-door at which a boy was standing: it crawled slowly towards him. Margey stood up, and watched him with much excitement; while the boy prepared, with a roguish quietness, to snap him off with his thumb and finger, when he should come near enough.

Snap! "Chee-hee-hee!" giggled Margey, half in fear, half in mirth. Nancy, in horror, as every head in the neighborhood turned towards the pew, twitched Margey off of the cricket. "Chee-hee-hee! Hee-hee!" The laugh could not be smothered, though a great hand was immediately clapped upon the little mouth; Margey was beyond all power of control, of her own or Nancy's; for the wasp had perched on Lucy Anne's bonnet. Then he flew away, out at the window, and Margey could not suppress a chuckle of relief.

Kate had seen nothing to account for the disturbance. She felt annoyed, and she was mortified also, that her class should attract attention as disorderly. She bit her lip to stop a peevish reproof, and compelled herself to be very gentle in drawing the little girl to her side, and lifting her upon the seat. The child nestled down immediately, and hid her red face in her shawl. The lesson then went on; but the disturbed attention of Helen and Lucy Anne, and the disturbed feelings of the teacher, made it a mere formal recitation. Lucy Anne, especially, had ceased to be interested in it. She was marvelling at what she had seen; and, the moment the book was shut, she exclaimed, "I'd never have that little plague: what do you for? 'Ta'n't as if there wasn't teachers a plenty that have got small things like that a'ready."

Nancy and her protégé were on fire with anger at once. Looking sideways at Lucy Anne, they wondered aloud whether she would like to be turned off herself. Helen looked worried, and put her hand upon Kate's beseechingly.

"Would you rather stay here with us, Margey?" asked Kate, gently.

"Yes, with you and Helen and Nancy. Ugly Lucy Anne!"

"Suppose I should say 'Ugly Margey,' and look at you so, would you think me kind?" said Kate, endeavoring to act as a mirror to the cross looks that were levelled at the uncaring offender.

"I did not mean to be naughty," said Margey, humbly. "I wan't tickle out loud ever again. It was that boy made me. I sha'n't look that way any more, if you will let me stay with you."

"If I forgive you and let you stay, when you have so disturbed the class, and made even the superintendent look this way, will you not forgive Lucy Anne? She said no more than you deserved, you know. Lucy Anne does not speak so gently as I should like; but she meant kindly by me. She thought I had better not have a little girl — too little to behave well without being watched. She thought I could not do my duty well, if I could not hear my lessons in quiet. I think that is true. Don't you think so too? You do, Nancy?"

"I think Margey'll keep still now," said Nancy. "She won't be troublesome no more, I guess. If she warn't sorry, why, I wouldn't stand up for her."

Helen remarked it was a pity Margey could not have something to do. She could not but be restless, being idle. Kate told Margey to point out to Helen any letters she could find in the hymn-book that were like those in her card-alphabet. Margey was of opinion that every book had a set of letters of its own, and that the search was a very doubtful and laborious one. However, she was willing to try.

Nancy recited the same lesson in the catechism she had studied and repeated the previous Sunday. She could not be convinced of it, however. It had cost her as much trouble to get it the second time as the first.

"Seeing as there's time, I guess I'll say another lesson," said Lucy Anne. "Miss Nelson — no, Mrs., I mean — she and the

children said them verses you writ in my Bible were real pretty; I think they be too, and I have read 'em over so much, I can say 'em, I guess."

Kate blushed. She had written them with feeling, and for Lucy Anne's benefit. It was distasteful to her to hear them praised as pretty verses. But they were recited in a way which surprised and gratified her. The tone of Lucy Anne's voice was usually loud and abrupt; now it was low; and, when she repeated the couplet, —

"Oh! keep it ever near thee,
In sorrow let it cheer thee," —

it was strangely thrilling and sweet.

"There is more in this girl than I thought," said Kate to herself, as she listened with moistened eyes. She could not read her sullen face, however; it was perhaps a little less dejected, but it said nothing.

"Well, an't you going to get our libry books? It's our turn. Miss Nelson — well, there, — Mrs. Nelson — she has changed her mind out and out. She wants me to be sure and get one."

"I am aware of that," said Kate, sighing, as the loud, half-saucy tone jarred upon her feelings.

"Suppose she knewed I would read something or another. I've a right to, in a free country, you know. She has no business to hinder me, as I know of; only she don't like to have me get hold of history-books, that an't suitable, such as granny lends me. She took one away from me, — Bill Glass, — his life, I think. Was it a bad book? or don't *you* know?"

"Gil Blas? It is not an improving book. I advise you to make a friend of Mrs. Nelson or of me, and not read every book that falls in your way, without our advice. Your time would be worse than wasted so. I will furnish you when you are out of books, and have any leisure.

No sooner was Kate gone to the library, taking little Margey with her to keep her quiet, than Lucy Anne moved to Helen's side, and began to talk. Nance remonstrated.

"Go back to my seat? I won't for you!" said Lucy Anne. "She thinks she's the teacher, 'cause she's got the chair that the teacher ought to have."

This was a spark to Nancy's explosive temper. Helen Ham-

mond was anxiously mediating, when Kate came upon them unawares. She saw at a glance how things were. She was glad that her mere presence answered every purpose of a rebuke. Both were ashamed: Lucy Anne drew her sulky lip under her teeth, and blushed scarlet; Nance, with apologetic humility, proclaimed herself a fool, and pronounced her adversary not worth minding.

"How do you get along with your nightly watch?" asked Kate of Lucy Anne, in order to change the current of feeling.

"Well — I don't get my wages," said the girl, half-smiling.

"Your wages? What wages? Do you expect any?"

"If you have forgot what you said, I haven't."

Kate said, "Oh!" and explained to Helen, who smiled assent to the truth, that love was the wages of kindness.

"Granny is as cross as our cook, and that is saying enough. I suppose she thinks I wouldn't come, only I was sent. Well, I don't want none of her love, nor I don't deserve it neither; for, when I am doing my very best to help her, and she snubs me, I am mad enough to shake her in her bed."

Kate exclaimed reprovingly.

"Yes, I am. And all the reason I don't go off, when she calls me a fool and a blunderbuss, is — why, I won't allow myself in it, you know, because — because — I declare I don't see why I don't; and I will bolt if she don't look out, I can tell her."

"Oh! I hope not," said Kate. "Be not weary in well-doing."

"Mrs. Nelson don't much like to have me go, for fear I shall bring home company. It is very lively there o' nights."

Kate stared. Helen looked shocked.

"Nuss would be enough on't better off and cleaner kept in the poor-house," observed Nance. "If she is too proud to go where she has a right to be took care of, let her be I say. I would not go nigh her, if I was Lucy Anne Hoyt."

"Is she so cross to everybody that wants to do for her?" asked Helen.

"Nothin' 's done right, nor tastes right, I believe. I did not tell Mrs. Nelson what she said about her custards; I thought I wouldn't, I don't know why."

"Your heart told you right," said Kate, smiling.

"Well, I do pity her, poor old woman; I ought to have feeling for her. I am young and well in health, but I know what 'tis to be cross; it is as bad as pain any day. I stay up in the

nursery a good deal, now, sewing; so the cook don't get so much of a chance to aggravate me. The children pester me some; but they like me better than they did. I've tried to be like Abraham, and give up to 'em more."

"And does it not make you happier?"

"Well, I don't know. Yes, — some." Lucy Anne looked down, to hide a glistening eye, and the drooping lip trembled."

Kate began to talk of the sick old nurse, and said that one symptom of her disease was restlessness. Her nerves were all out of order, and she could not feel quiet one moment, when awake. A constant uneasiness must be very hard to bear with patience, she supposed, especially when weakness made motion difficult.

"You need not fear, Miss Kate; I'll do all the same by her as if she was my own dear mother, who died before I could tell her from anybody else. I should be glad if she was alive, even to snub me like Granny Trimmer."

Helen began to sob. She had nursed her mother through a lingering illness; and, in answer to Kate's tender inquiries, she told her so, and that in dying she had blessed her, and prayed for her that God would help her.

"And, oh! I feel that he has helped me. I did not think so much about it till this last week. You told me to put my trust in him. I have not felt discouraged since. I am not crying for sorrow: I could not cry when my heart was so heavy."

Margey gazed sorrowfully in Helen's face, and held up her little picture-book, hoping to cheer her. Nance exclaimed, —

"Well, there an't no greater loss than a mother. I declare, Lucy Anne's a-crying too." Lucy Anne resentfully denied it, but rose and leaned out of the window. Kate observed that Helen's little feet were no longer shrinking from view. She drew her own conclusions, as she saw that they were snugly at home in a neat pair of slippers. But she had too much delicacy to question her about her father.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

The Relation of Divine Providence to Physical Laws. — This is the title of a Discourse, now printed, which was delivered before the Porter Rhetorical Society, in the Andover Theological Seminary, last August, by Prof. Chace, of Brown University. We are reluctant to speak of its merits at all, without employing more time and space upon it than are at our command. Indeed, the author opens more questions, and those of the gravest dignity, than he and all his critics will be able to settle in the longest lifetime. That passion for plunging into the mysteries of God's nature, to determine the principles and modes of his action, either by moral intuitions or by the conclusions of science, which is illustrated through the whole history of human thought, was probably never more rife than at this moment, — as a crowd of recent, able, and popular works abundantly testify. The value of attempts so ambitious will be differently estimated by different minds, according to their personal experience, and their general philosophy of natural and divine things. Our own confidence in such speculations, whether as cures for doubt or helps to practice, is very feeble indeed. Had each of the sixty-one pages in the oration before us been expanded into a folio volume, the whole would have been entirely insufficient to present the mere learning of the subject — the record of past inquiries on the various problems attacked. Neither the pamphlet nor the library is needed to justify God's providence to the conscience, the heart, or the intelligence of mankind; nor, if it were needed ever so much, would it accomplish the purpose. But the sincerity of the writer's spirit, the honesty of his intellectual habits, and the loftiness of his aim, will not suffer suspicion, from our inability to find satisfaction in his processes.

Prof. Chace is an accomplished and thorough scholar in the department of physical science. He appears also to be a devout believer in revelation, a thoughtful observer of society, and conscientiously concerned for every higher and better interest of

mankind. To assail the deliberate conclusions of such a man, uttered before an educated audience, with every element of responsibility present to his consciousness, with the censures or sneers due to a reckless and superficial declaimer, is something worse than folly, — it is sin; and, in spite of the Professor's own ethical creed to the contrary, we persist in holding the latter of these two things to be the worse. Nevertheless, he approaches his theme rather as a disciple of science than as the servant of Faith; and the influence and result of his discussion are according to his prepossessions.

The doctrine of the discourse is, that while God, by his Holy Spirit, acts directly and specially on his intelligent and moral creation, he conducts the physical universe only by general laws and predetermined succession, which admit no modification for aiding the purposes of his moral government; so that "behind the machinery of second causes," "the Great First Cause is *not* continually operating, and evolving the changes of the physical world in harmony with the moral." We have room barely to indicate, in the briefest terms, some objections that have occurred to us in a rapid perusal of his argument.

1. The argument makes too faint a recognition of the limitation of human faculties, in relation to the possibilities of an Infinite Being. "It is not easy to see, "It is difficult to understand," "We can form no distinct conception," &c., are phrases that not only occur too frequently in the place of abstract demonstration, but they represent an evident professional tendency to measure God's infinitude in the balances of the understanding. Many of our author's difficulties would disappear, if, to his own statement, that "we are utterly unable to say, *a priori*, what God can do, and what he cannot do," he would only add, — '*or, a posteriori, either.*' Whatever plausible suggestions may be suggested to such a point, we defy anybody to *prove* that it was not competent to the Omniscient and Almighty to construct a universe where moral freedom and a regular physical sequence, whether apparent or real, should play wonderfully together for the benefit of both, each being affected by each, and in consummate harmony. To say that this cannot be done, without disturbing the order of cause and effect, merely because we cannot see *how* it can be done, is only to annihilate the domain of religion, and reduce God to a projection of humanity. To get rid of one class of Prof. Chace's objections, we have only to stretch our conceptions of the resources of absolute Deity.

2. The argument draws an artificial and unfounded distinction between the world of matter and the world of mind. For ourselves, we find it impossible to deny the existence of a subtle sympathy between all parts of the divine workmanship. We love to conceive of the whole material system as ever plastic in its Builder's hand. The idea of a God imprisoned behind the iron bars of his own castle of natural laws, is any thing but inspiring or comforting. We believe that every force and every operation in nature is just as pliable to the divine touch to-day, as in that hypothetical day when the Creator is supposed to have set it all going. The Divine Spirit flows for ever afresh into every fibre and atom of all the worlds. Every instant renews all the energies and acts of creation. In a most merciful condescension, adapting matter to our reliance and use, God has turned toward our eyes a certain uniform and regular aspect of this perpetually creative process. But we are presumptuous if we therefore undertake to say dogmatically that the machine can work in only just one way, and for but one purpose. The lordship of man over the planet does not extend so far.

3. An equally arbitrary and factitious distinction is pronounced between things great and things small in the view of Providence. There are few doctrines which tend more surely to degrade the true and scriptural conception of God, or to convert trust into atheism, than the notion that the divine dignity is damaged by concerning itself immediately and fully with interests that do not look big to us. It is not surprising that an attempt to reconcile so unscriptural a view with Biblical language should fail. The gospel opens a more important, gracious, blessed assurance.

"Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
Oh, grant that we may own thy hand,
No less in every grain of sand!"

4. Against the presuming and conceited endeavors constantly made to *apply* the truth of a particular providence to individual cases, Prof. Chace utters rebukes which seem to us just, forcible, and wholesome. On the one hand, God is associated only with calamities and horrors, as if his providence slept always except in tornadoes, conflagrations, thunder-storms, and shipwrecks; and, on the other, vanity plumes itself on marvellous deliverances, for merit's sake, where there was really no deviation from the ordinary course of nature. We join heartily in the exposure of the

absurdity and the impiety of these distorted representations. If we are asked, "What value is there in a belief in God's modification of the secret processes of nature to compass special moral ends, unless we can define the occasions and the mode?" we answer, Much every way. The faith itself heightens our reverence, and enhances our love, and strengthens our confidence, none the less, but all the more, because our poor capacities are not equal to defining the forms in which the power is put forth. The benefit comes chiefly not in specific and detailed lessons, but in the interior assurance of the soul. Nor can we see any thing unreasonable in connecting natural events with our personal discipline, if we take with us a caution against self-esteem and a narrow piety, or superstition. We may err in our interpretation of the connection; but in the fact of a recognition of a connection lies a mighty moral power. Thousands of the humblest and purest Christians have, at some time in their lives, had their religious sensibilities quickened by this means. In the solemnity of that faith there is little danger to humility. Our way of meeting the false distinction between a general and a special providence, is not to make all providence general, but to make all providence special. It is not surprising to us, that with his view, — of a special providence for man and a general providence for inanimate nature, — Prof. Chace finds it, as he confesses, hard to run the line of demarcation.

5. The argument does not openly meet the difficulty it must ultimately encounter in the Christian doctrine of prayer. Disregarding all reasonings to the contrary, the devout heart in man will go on praying for deliverance and exemption from the perils that lie in the path of natural cause and effect. Our author may possibly ascribe such petitions to a delusion of feeling, — a faculty of which he is particularly distrustful; but we should rely with much more confidence on a philosophy of religion dictated in the closet, than one composed in the laboratory. In a supplementary note, he refers, too obscurely for a distinct apprehension of his meaning, to this subject of prayer. If we understand him, he encourages prayer for *any* future event, on the ground that regular provision may have been made for its answer in the constitution of things! If this is not our own view, and thus a contradiction of his whole drift, then what is it but something close upon a fatalism which chains the liberty of both the Father and his child?

6. Our main criticism on the doctrine of the discourse, however,

is that it adheres so rigidly to an old and unspiritual habit of theological writers, that of subjecting the Eternal to relations of time. Men talk about God's doing thus and thus, at some indefinite past time, which they call the creation of the world, as if he were controlled by the same rules of distribution and succession in his labors as ourselves, and were not "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He has not ordained one part—the material part—of his universe to go along by fixed laws, while he withdraws and bestows his economized attention upon some more dignified object. We repeat, his creativeness is eternal, and eternity itself is but his single thought. He is literally All in all. He can, if he will, shape the courses of all the winged messengers of vapor and tempest, fire and hail, and stormy wind fulfilling his word, so as to meet precisely some special exigency in the life of the frailest slave-child in some squalid hut; and yet the race of men, and all the colleges of science, shall not feel the slightest shock on the sublime uniformity of the wheels of nature. He ever floods the universe, to its minutest particle, with his energizing love, and his moulding will, anew. If this is not the biblical teaching, as well as the unimpeachable science, we have misinterpreted both.

We cannot more properly excuse ourselves for venturing this dissent from so high an authority, than by just citing two or three instances of haste or error in the progress of the discourse, so palpable as to fortify the suspicion that a radical fallacy *may* underlie the whole structure. For instance (the Italics are ours): "The Reason is the *only* high and godlike endowment possessed by us, — the *only* attribute in which man still bears the image of his Maker." Where, then, is love? Again: "Wisdom is a higher endowment *and virtue* than simple goodness"! If this is so, to what purpose did Jesus of Nazareth live and speak and die? Again: "If all the events and circumstances of my life have been specially ordered by God, for the promotion of my highest good, there can surely be little merit, on my part, in submitting to them;" as if mortal infirmity would still have no struggle with pain; or as if the production of "merit" were the end of spiritual discipline and being! On page 55, the author rejects with emphasis the idea that "the object of the Divine Being, in creating the world, was the illustration of his own attributes, and not the good of his creatures." In a concluding note, he says: "The Divine Government may have a yet stronger relation to the Divine nature and attributes than to us."

We should do a shameful injustice to this finely conceived and vigorously written address, if we did not acknowledge that we have been profoundly impressed with its ability, and its purity of intention. Whatever the ultimate tendency of its speculations, on the perplexing topic it treats, may be, we are sure that a reverence, a sobriety, and a moral earnestness, such as all alike might covet, pervade the author's consciousness. Fortunately, by whatever train of influences, he receives without question the Scripture revelation in full, and the supernatural testimonies. On what coherent logical basis he will be able to make these convictions stand together with the virtual rationalism which constitutes the principle and the *animus* of the present production, is not quite plain. His pages abound in noble ethical sentiments, and elevated interpretations of a thinking man's responsibility. Indeed, it has more than once occurred to us, in reading his discourse, that he has misstated his thought; and that, if he had aimed his strictures at that false and dogmatic estimate of Providence, which undertakes to affirm a particular relation between what is phenomenal in it and our personal experience, instead of denying a hidden and awful and mutual intercommunication between the workings of God in nature and the moral changes of human life, we might have been able to accord him our heartiest sympathy, and the praise of success.

Kansas and Nebraska. By EDWARD E. HALE. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. — Our industrious brother Hale contributes a most important help to the great colonizing measure of the day. His book exactly meets a wide-spread and exciting interest in the mind of the whole American people. It ought to be placed in the hands of every emigrant to the new Territories. Besides containing clear and succinct accounts of the early discovery of those regions, with descriptions and classifications of their aboriginal inhabitants, it presents the characteristics of their geography, climate, and adaptations of soil; points out the trading, military, and missionary stations; guides the traveller along the routes by land and river; gives an able summary of the entire political, diplomatic, and legislative relations and events, down to the passage of the Bill organizing the Territories; copies that Act of Congress; and details all necessary and useful information respecting the present scheme of emigration, and the practical working of the Emigrant Aid Companies. The author is to be congratulated on his efficient anti-slavery and literary enterprise.

The Life of Rev. Sylvester Judd. By ARETHUSA HALL.

Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — Every thing necessary to a complete biography appears to be brought together in this engaging volume. A life, whose course lay so much in the ordinary way of New England society, could not have possessed so strong an attraction, nor exerted so fine a charm, without remarkable forces in the genius and the heart of the man himself. The steps by which Mr. Judd rose from an ordinary youth into a remarkable manhood, were concealed from the public eye. This well-arranged volume lays them open, disclosing the intense interior workings of a keen sensibility and a vigorous will. At the period of our first personal recollection of him, Mr. Judd was an "older boy" at the Academy. We should say that the traits in him, which most impressed his companions at that time, were a severe tone of religious sentiment, an ardent ambition, precision and reserve of manners, with some indications of strong passion and inklings of fun, kept laboriously but rigidly under restraint. Perhaps his age should partly account for the distance at which he secluded himself from his fellow-students; for he commenced his classical course at a later point than is common. We very well remember the thought that continually started in our mind as we used to see him trudging on his daily school-walk, of three miles each way, and across a river that divided two towns, with his satchel, containing his books and his cold dinner, in his hand: "There goes a man that means to succeed; and one that will relish success none the less if he wrings it from a reluctant field; with a little democratic pride; more energy than he has use for yet; and by no means to be seduced into doing any wrong thing." When we next came in contact with him, — near the time of his graduation at Yale College, — he was under the depression and anxiety natural to the transition-state, where a man of sensitive conscience and deep religious principle is passing out from the system of theological ideas that has sheltered his childhood, and is coming under convictions that must separate him from a thousand precious associations. He certainly behaved well throughout that great internal conflict. He was honest, brave, and careful; there was simplicity in his heart, if not always in his outward deportment. Afterwards, we came in sight of him at Cambridge, where there seemed to be going on a reaction from the former self-subjugation. Perhaps his newly-found freedom had then hardly recognized its just limits. The cheerfulness of his spirit was sometimes quite jubilant; and, in adjusting his mental habits to the new atmosphere of feeling and the new laws of thought, his

style of composition certainly fell into some irregularities where originality wandered from taste, and order was sacrificed to force. These peculiarities partly affected the extraordinary works which afterwards gave a national reputation to his name. His mind gained in compactness and balance, through the experience of his maturer studies and his professional activity; and the promise of a still growing and more perfectly organized power, both intellectual and spiritual, had never a firmer emphasis than when he suddenly fell asleep. Throughout his eager and brilliant career, he kept a lofty purpose, a breast undefiled by mean or selfish appetites, a fervent piety towards God, and a reverential faith in Christ. The monument of his ministry is in the lives and hearts of those to whom he ministered.

Notices of his different productions have appeared from time to time in these pages. Our impressions of his special effort to reconstruct the practical basis of church-communion, — an effort that was the distinguishing feature of the last years of his life, — were briefly given in the No. for May of the current year.

Wayland's Memoir of the Life and Labors of Judson. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. — It is too late to treat this work as if it needed an introduction to the public regard. The copy before us is stamped as being of the "twenty-seventh thousand." Immense as was Dr. Judson's repute before his biography was written, the name and the wisdom of his distinguished biographer have given it a far wider reach, and also a more definite and beneficent character. Altogether, the influence of the man, as he is here presented to the world, is, beyond question, one of the grandest instances of moral victory, of the power of unconscious heroism, in the whole history of the world. From all quarters, countries, sects, classes of minds, arise consenting testimonies to the pure and inspiring effects of these simple records of voluntary suffering, of disinterested sacrifice, of pious constancy, of "the love of Christ constraining" a great soul. What a lesson of holy and marvellous persistency is contained only in the following fact and quotation! Dr. Judson reached India in 1812, and Rangoon in June of 1813. His journal of May 2d and 5th, 1819, reads: "Lord's Day. About three o'clock, the quiet and modest Moung Nau came in. . . . Moung Nau has been with me several hours. He expresses sentiments of repentance for his sins, and faith in the Saviour. It seems almost too much to believe that God has begun to manifest his grace to the Burmans; but this day I could

not resist the delightful conviction that this is really the case. Praise and glory be to his name for evermore! Amen."

The Old and the New. — This volume contains the "Farewell Discourse" of Rev. Dr. Gilman, before the removal of the old Unitarian Church at Charleston, S. C.; a description of the new or remodelled building that has taken its place; Dr. Gilman's "Dedication Discourse;" Dr. Burnap's Prayer; Rev. C. M. Taggart's Address at the "Inauguration of the new Church;" a "Salutation of the Churches," by Rev. John Pierpont, jun.; a "Communion Sermon," preached on the same occasion, by Rev. J. H. Heywood, of Louisville, Ky.; a "Discourse on Unitarian Christianity," by Rev. Dr. Burnap, of Baltimore; and a "Concluding Address to the Congregation," by Rev. Charles J. Bowen. The occasion must have been one of great interest to all present; but to none, probably, of an interest so deep, so tender, and so sacred, as to the faithful, venerated, endeared senior pastor. The performances are all characteristic and worthy of their several authors.

The City Side; or, Passages from a Pastor's Portfolio. By CARA BELMONT. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. — The syrup of parsonage-literature is beginning to run thin.

The Epistle of Paul to the Romans; with a Commentary and Revised Translation, and Introductory Essays. By ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. New York: C. S. Francis, & Co. pp. 256. 12mo. — We welcome another volume of Mr. Livermore's Commentaries upon the books of the New Testament. Those which have previously appeared, bear testimony to his learning, care, and good judgment; and these qualities he has evidently brought to the difficult task of explaining the great but obscure Epistle to the Romans. Nearly a third of the volume is devoted to the Introductory Essays, four in number, which treat of the inspiration of the Bible, of the Epistles in general, of the Apostle Paul, and more particularly of his Letter to the Christians in Rome. Then follows the Commentary, illustrating the received text; and the volume is concluded with a revised translation, in which, with commendable taste, the author has avoided needless departures from the familiar words, while he has altered them where the sense of the original required. From the brief examination which we have yet had time to give to the work, we judge, not that this difficult Epistle will in future be clear to the inattentive reader, but that he who undertakes its study with the guidance of this volume, and a serious desire to

understand the truth, will find the argument of the apostle intelligible and convincing, and in accordance with the teachings of Christ himself, and with the testimony of sound reason with regard to the perfections of the Creator and the nature and destiny of man.

The Elements of Character. — By MARY G. CHANDLER. Second edition. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — This collection of essays has been received, by general consent, in reading circles, as a book of considerable mark. We are often meeting with one or another person who speaks of having been strengthened and comforted by it. To be able to render such an office, by the silent and unobtrusive ministry of a printed volume, is one of the great privileges of life. The spirit of the pieces is uniformly thoughtful, gentle, cheerful. They discover an unusual measure of intellectual insight, including not only a quick observation of life and its meanings, but the power of diving into the vital elements of a subject, and the discrimination which comes only of a sound discipline. The titles of the chapters are much the same as those that appear over many of Emerson's Essays. The style is forcible, compressed, and commonly lucid; only slightly tinged with the technicalities of the "New Church." Altogether, the book is worthy of a pupil of the wise and amiable divine to whom it is affectionately dedicated.

Children's Trials — and *Madame Guizot's Popular Tales.* Crosby, Nichols, & Co. Both these books — one of German origin, and the other of French — are successful, in a good sense. They overcome the difficulties that stand in the way of writing well for children. We have seen them tried. No doubt, they will stand high on the list of gift-books for the coming season. Both are illustrated handsomely, — the former by pictures ingeniously printed in colors.

Rev. W. I. Budington's Sermon, on Leaving his Parish in Charlestown. — Mr. Budington is well known to be one of the order of men who constitute the highest value of any denomination or community, because they command the unqualified and almost affectionate respect of all alike. Though this discourse is far from being an elaborate exertion of the author's powers, it could have been written only by a scholar and thinker of rare accomplishments and rarer graces. The subdued pathos that breathes so tenderly and sadly through the chaste and often elegantly finished sentences, inspires us with a new admiration of his genius, spirit, and intellectual self-control; while it awa-

kens fresh personal regrets for his removal from our neighborhood to a distant post of labor. One department of the sermon we copy entire, both to justify our commendation, and for its own sake:—

"I have occupied more time with this first point than I intended, and I will pass to another and kindred subject, viz., my public relations, as a minister, to other denominations.

"Our Protestant communities, throughout Christendom, are greatly divided into jealous and contending sects. This is the great reproach Romanism casts upon Protestantism, and, in some measure, justly. Our own population in Charlestown is, to say the least, as much divided in this respect as any other. Now, a minister who has an earnest faith, indeed any faith at all, has a difficult work to do, in combining charity towards others, with faithfulness to himself and the Master he serves.

"Here, again, the true course lies between extremes; and either extreme is so easy to find and to follow, that indolence and easiness of temper are under great temptations to take one or the other. If a minister chooses to be a party-man, he has a plain and beaten track to pursue; it will take but little learning or talent or piety to succeed, and there will be not a few to applaud. Or in the indulgence of an easy good nature, he may set lightly by all forms of religious doctrine; hold that one *ism* is as good as another; and, by making his own religion a cipher, add the benefit of his charity to every denomination alike. On the one side is bigotry; on the other, latitudinarianism. On the one side is sectarianism; on the other, is a meaningless and mischievous charity.

"Now, between the two, lies the path of an intelligent and conscientious minister. He must be frank in the avowal of his sentiments, and faithful in the maintenance of them. And with this he must couple fairness towards the opinions of others, with honor and affection for their persons.

"Far be it from me to imply that I have realized this in my own ministry. It is enough for me to state what my principle is, and what my aim has been. I should be doing injustice, however, to my grateful convictions, did I not give utterance to my belief, that it is quite a possible thing to unite faithfulness to the highest style of an earnest and aggressive Christianity, with honor, courtesy, and affection in the treatment of men. Indeed, I will go farther and say, that, in order rightly to defend and administer Christianity in such a community as ours, such a combination of opposite virtues must take place, and that a minister's success will depend not alone upon an earnest advocacy of the truth, but upon the charity he bears towards the persons of those from whom he differs. I have always said, that such a union of faithfulness to Christ, with affection to men, is a difficult task, and it is also encompassed with dangers. The minister may, and commonly will, be suspected by over-zealous friends, and his reputation for soundness may for a time suffer. But, if, like the noble-minded Paul, it be with him 'a very small thing that he should be judged of man's judgment,' he will ultimately rejoice even in the ordeal of censure through which he has passed.

"If, at an earlier period of my ministry here, my reputation for orthodoxy fell under suspicion and reproach, I cannot now regret the course that occa-

sioned it, but am rather disposed to look upon it as evidence, that, forsaking the beaten track of partisanship, I endeavored to unite truth with charity.

"I have, indeed, nothing to boast of before God; on the contrary, it becomes me to humble myself. I have not been as faithful as I should have been in preaching the Gospel, nor as tender and sympathizing as I should have been towards those whom I hold to be in error. Much less have I united the two as I ought. But I do not regret that I attempted such a union; on the contrary, if I have done any good in this community, it is because of such an attempt, sincerely made, though imperfectly executed.

"I am happy in bearing witness to the uniform kindness and respect with which I have been treated in this community by all denominations, and not the least by that portion of our own Congregational body with whom we are on terms of non-communication, in spite of a common polity, the endeared associations of the same order, and the hallowed memories of the same Puritan ancestry. I have not been conscious that this friendship has been procured by any withholding of the truth on my part, or that it has been intended on theirs, to abate from the vigor of a Christian fidelity. On the contrary, I am persuaded that I never could have won the friendship of honorable minds, if I had been capable of such weakness or duplicity. The position which I have occupied as the pastor of the most ancient, and, with the exception of the Old South, the only Congregational Church which has retained the original faith, has necessitated, on my part, a constant and painful study of the Unitarian controversy. While I have been forward to ascribe to our Unitarian brethren the graceful scholarship and eminent virtues by which they are so much distinguished among us, I am bold to say no one has been more free than I to assert and defend those vital doctrines of Christianity from which they have publicly and lamentably departed. If I had gained the esteem and commendation of one citizen, by withholding or compromising a single doctrine of the gospel, I should esteem it a disgrace to my character as a Christian minister, and even as a man. My chief pleasure in acknowledging the numberless courtesies I have received, springs from the persuasion that the fidelities of an Orthodox ministry do not conflict with, but rather multiply and heighten, the amenities of life, in all neighborly and social relations."

Gould & Lincoln have republished an interesting lecture of Dr. Whewell, on the "*Influence of the History of Science upon Intellectual Education*," which was delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. The idea is, that all great epochs of advance in education have sprung immediately out of periods of discovery. The points selected to illustrate this proposition are the development of Geometry in Greece, Jurisprudence in Rome, the Cartesian Theory in France, and the Inductive Principle in England. The lecture undeniably owes a part of its celebrity to the name of its author.